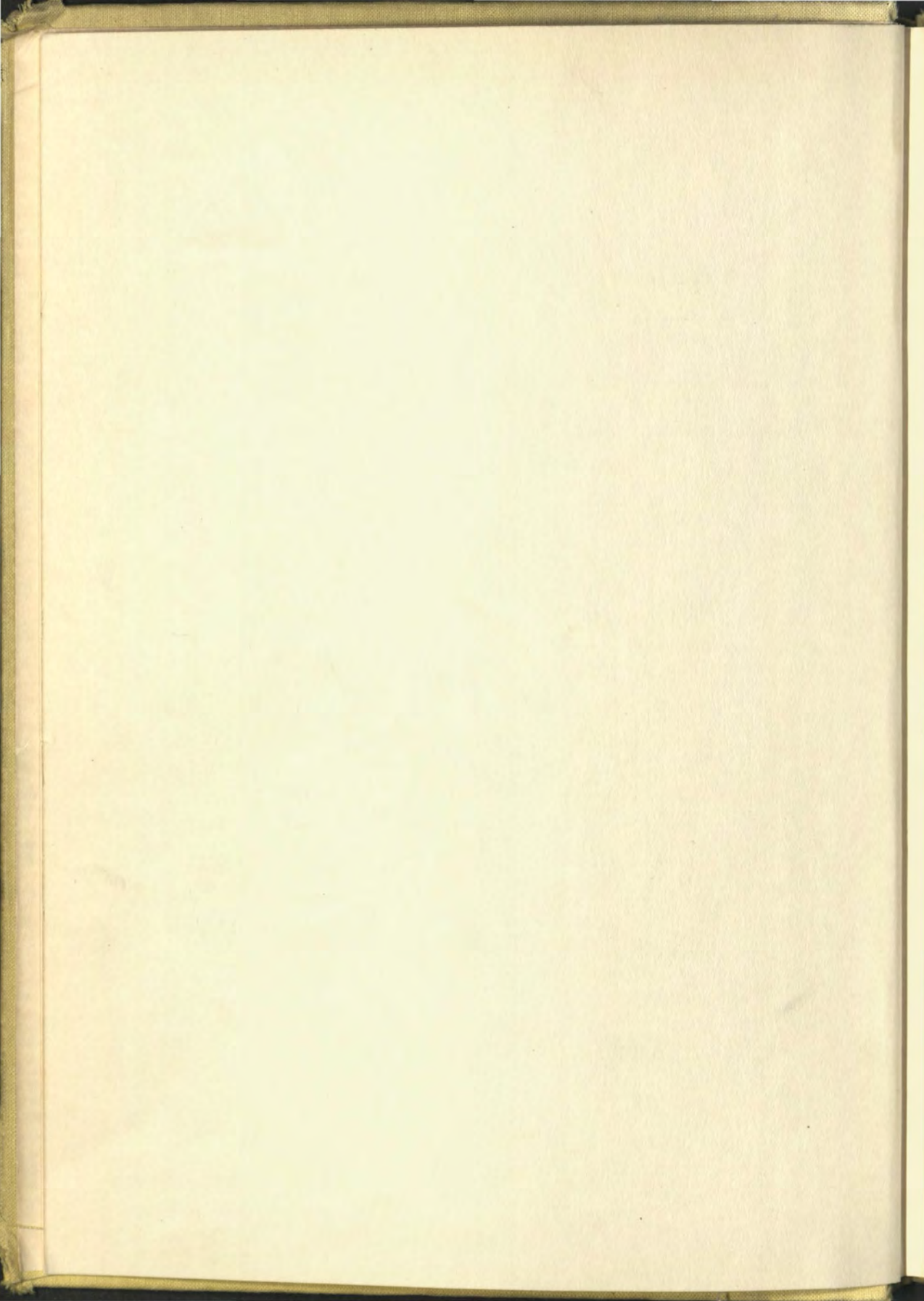




THE

*Baby
Giant
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THE
Baby Giant Panda

BY RUTH HARKNESS



CARRICK & EVANS, INC.

NEW YORK

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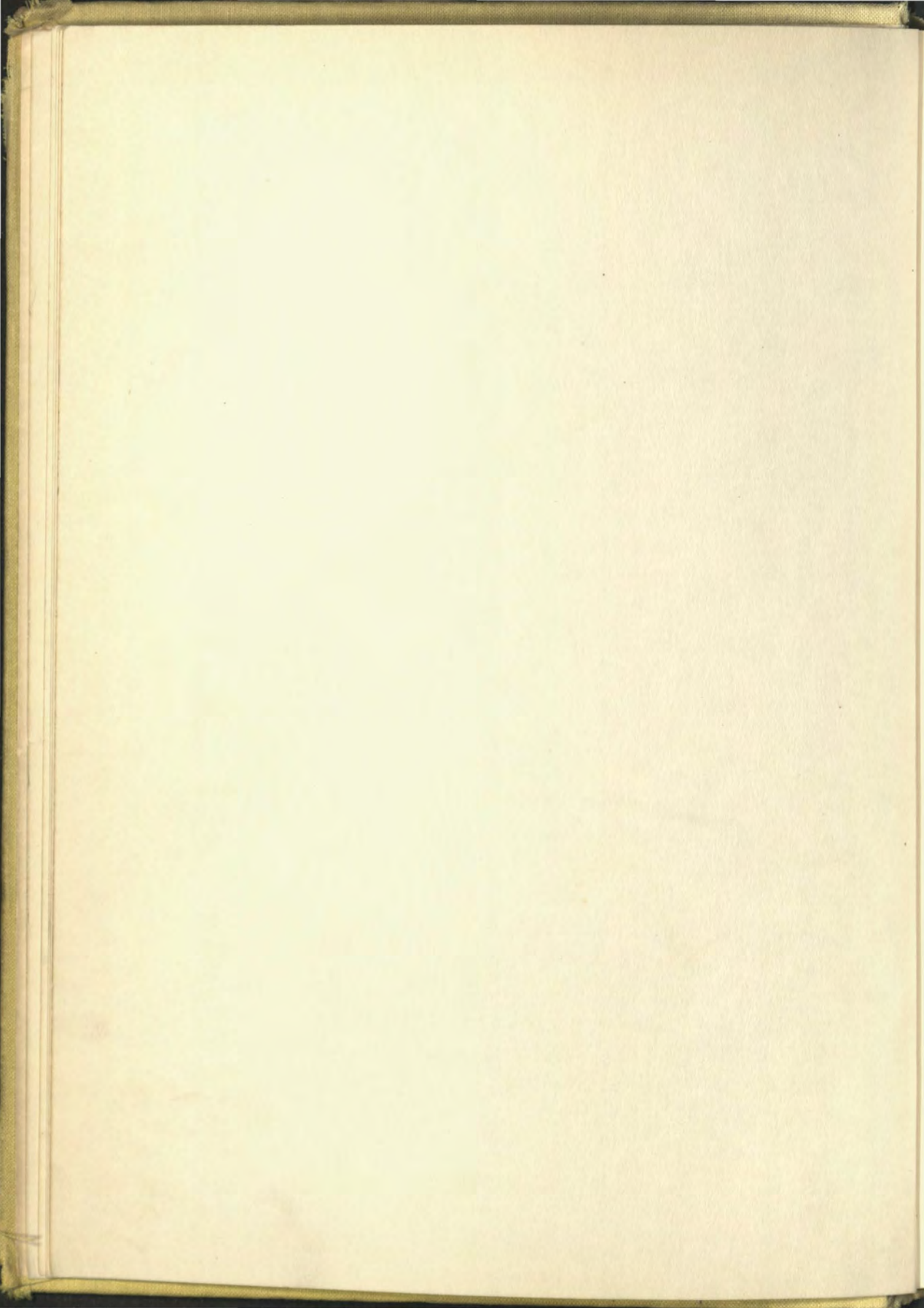
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THE BABY GIANT PANDA



1. Why I wanted a Baby Giant Panda

WIND and rain in the dark night tore at the flimsy little bamboo hut nestling high above a wild lonely valley in the mountains which rise range upon range to form a boundary line between China and Tibet. But inside of the tiny shelter there was a bright cheerful fire; food was cooking in a pot which hung over the blaze on a stick, and around it sat several men—hunters of the mountains, people who are neither Chinese nor Tibetan, but a mixture of both.

Beside these wild-looking hill men there was also a tall and handsome Chinese boy—a lad of just a little over twenty—and myself. I am a great deal older than twenty, and I am an American. I do not speak much Chinese, but the boy, whose Chinese name is Yang Di Lin, speaks excellent English, and we were talking about Pandas—Giant Pandas.

Now Chinese people have known for centuries—ever since the Tang Dynasty which began in 621 A.D.—that in the high mountains of far western China there lived a rare kind of black and white animal—mostly white. They called this animal *bei-shung*, which means white bear. The old Chinese scholars wrote about them, but the Western world—Europe and America—did not

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know they existed until less than one hundred years ago. The first foreigner to see the skin of a *bei-shung* was a French missionary named l'Abbé Armand David who in 1868 was traveling in the far provinces of China. A native hunter presented him with a skin which the Abbé sent to a museum in France.

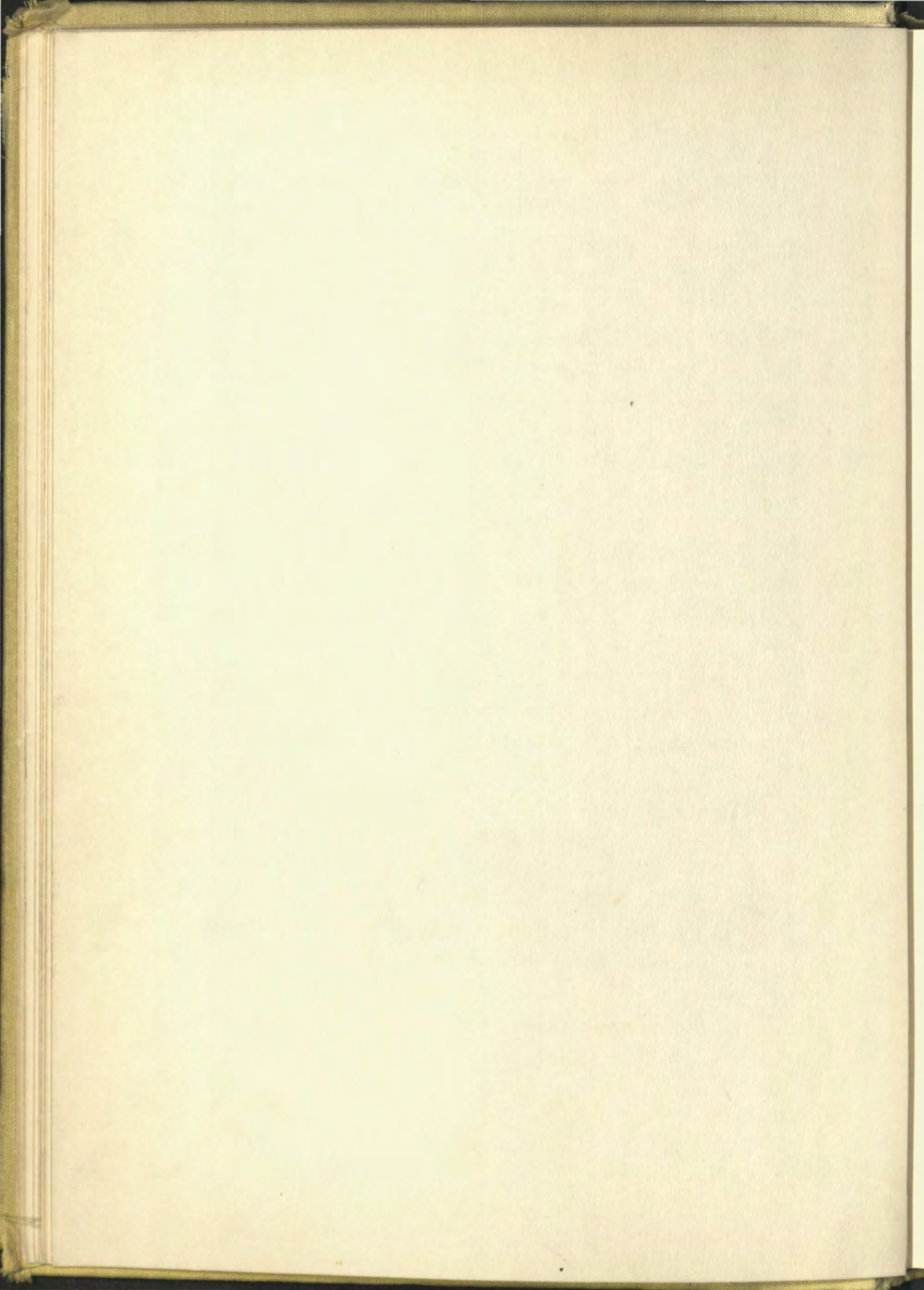
Sixty years went by, and little by little stories came out of that remote country about the almost mythical animals that somehow came to have the English name of Pandas. But still no foreigner ever saw a live one, and the natives only rarely. Foreign hunters, zoologists, and explorers who ventured that far were all unsuccessful in shooting or even seeing the rare beast which grows to be as big as a good-sized bear. It was one of the great ambitions of the late British Brigadier General Periera on his famous expeditions through western China and Tibet to see, and if possible to shoot, a Panda. Only once he glimpsed a whitish, furry animal in the dusk, but he wasn't even sure that it was the animal he sought. Lieutenant J. W. Brooke was killed while he was on an expedition which hoped to find a Panda, and the list of people who have hunted for them and failed is a long one.

Then in 1929 Colonel Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt, sons of President Theodore Roosevelt, organized a Panda expedition. One morning after weeks and months of traveling, when they had almost given up hope, high in the mountains covered with bamboo jungle and great trees deep in snow, they saw a full-grown Panda appear sleepily from a giant hollow spruce tree, and they shot him. Today he is mounted in the Field Museum in Chicago.

After that many other expeditions went out and three more foreigners were successful in shooting Pandas, but still no one knew



YANG DI LIN (*Quentin*)



WHY I WANTED A BABY GIANT PANDA

very much about them. Scientists had studied the skins and the bones brought back by explorers; one expedition had even succeeded in preserving a body that was brought to New York and carefully studied at the American Museum of Natural History. But the lives and habits in general of these strange animals still remained a mystery.

Every zoo in America and Europe would have prized a live Panda highly; the first zoological garden to obtain one would indeed be lucky. Dr. Raymond Ditmars of the Bronx Zoo had always placed the Giant Panda at the head of the list of the few remaining prize mammals which no zoo in the world had ever had. But the chances of capturing a live Giant Panda seemed pretty slim, for so many expeditions had failed in even seeing or shooting one.

—When I said I was going to hunt for a Giant Panda, people in New York told me that I was crazy. Most of them had never heard of the animal—they thought I meant giant panther. I didn't know much about them myself, nor did anyone else. But I wanted to know more; I wanted a live one.

It took me nearly three months to get to China because I went by slow boats. When I got there, I didn't know how to start my expedition, because I had never been on one before, although I had heard a great deal about them from my husband who had been an explorer. I was wondering what in the world I would do about getting my live Giant Panda when a young Chinese explorer came to see me. His Chinese name was Yang Di Lin but his foreign name was Quentin Young. Most Chinese people who are with foreigners very much take a foreign name. Some foreigners who travel in China on business take a Chinese name as much like their own as possible. Yang Di Lin had taken the name of Quentin be-

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cause he and his family had admired the Roosevelt family and the gallant Quentin who was killed in France during the World War.

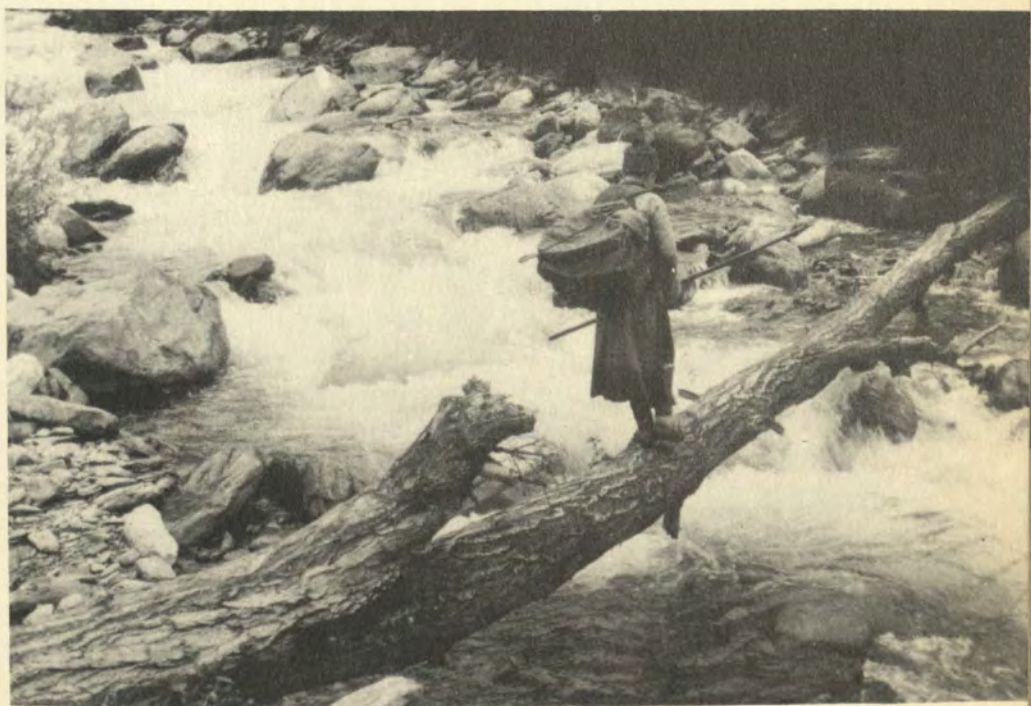
Quentin had been in the country in which Pandas live, and he had been on expeditions, so he knew something about it. He told me it would be a very difficult thing to get a live Giant Panda out of the country, because it is so very mountainous, and because adult Pandas are large animals. They weigh three hundred pounds or so when they are fully grown, and they eat nothing but bamboo. So we would have two problems: first we would have to trap the Panda, which no one apparently knew how to do; then we would have to get enough fresh bamboo to feed him on the long trip down from the mountains and across to America.

In spite of the difficulties Quentin said he would like to go with me to see if we could capture a Panda, so we started to get our things ready for the hunting trip and the long journey into the mountains. In Shanghai where we spent a month getting our equipment and traps ready, Quentin told me everything he knew about Pandas, both the little Panda and the Giant Panda. The little Panda doesn't look in the least like the big one, but scientists have thought they are in some way related. The small one is a sweet little animal, which you can see in many zoos; he has a reddish coat and a long ringed tail—the Chinese call him fire-fox. The big one looks something like a bear, although the paws, the shape of the head and the nose are quite different. Then, too, they are not marked like bears or any other animal in the world.

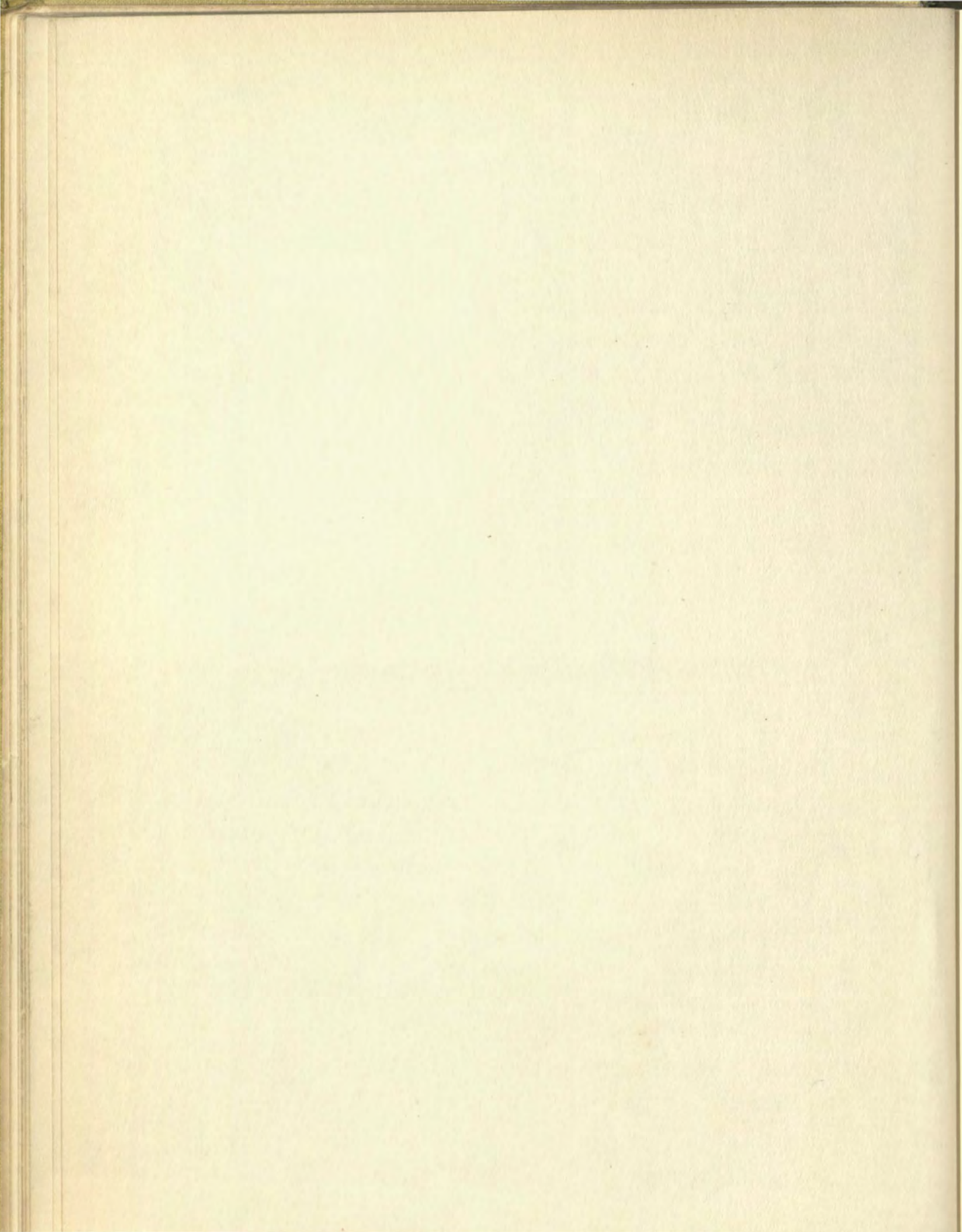
The habits of the Giant Panda and the bear are not alike, either. The Giant Panda does not hibernate as the bear does. The Panda, as far as anyone knows, eats only bamboo, while the bear eats several kinds of food.



A BALL OF FUR (her first picture)



SU LIN BEGINS HER JOURNEY ON GAO'S BACK



WHY I WANTED A BABY GIANT PANDA

Quentin and I talked about what a difficult matter it would be to get a big Giant Panda all the way down to Shanghai, even if we succeeded in trapping him. So I thought, Why not get a *baby* Giant Panda? I've always loved kittens and puppies and all small animals, so why not a baby Panda?

When I told a few people in Shanghai, who knew something about hunting and trapping animals, that I wanted to capture a baby Panda they just laughed at me. It was ridiculous, they said: no one knew when baby Pandas were born, nor how many there might be at a time; no one knew anything about young Pandas, and very little about grown-up ones. But in spite of the fact that they thought I was silly, I had Quentin buy a nursing bottle and some tins of dried milk, which are light and can be carried very easily. When you are traveling with native porters who must carry everything for you on their backs over very steep and rough country, you must be careful to take only the very lightest and most useful things.

We didn't have much hope of getting a baby Panda, really, but it was fun to talk about. Quentin loves all small animals just as I do; even stray kittens and puppies follow him. He seems to have a rare and strange attraction for any animal—I have even seen a cock walk up to him and remain motionless until he waved his hand to show that it might go. There are some people—not many—who understand animals and are almost able to talk to them in some silent fashion.

So now you know why that evening by our campfire, in the little mountain hut, we were talking about animals—but mostly about Giant Pandas. Quentin and I were becoming more and more excited about the possibility of getting one, for just before dusk

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had closed in over our lonely valley, one of our hunters came in from the camp higher up in the mountains and said that one of the traps had been sprung. He thought there had been a big Giant Panda in it because bits of white fur still clung to the wire. That was good news, for even if the animal had got away it proved that there were Pandas in the country. We decided to go the next day up the river valley to look over all of the traps with our hunters.

I got into my warm sleeping bag and soon was dreaming about Pandas—but especially about Baby Giant Pandas.



WHA-GAR CARAVAN

★ 48926



A BAMBOO BRIDGE

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2. I find Su Lin

UP the steep wet mountain side went Quentin, our hunters and myself, through the bamboo jungle so thick in places we could barely get through it. I wondered how big animals like Pandas, which look when mounted as if they would be very clumsy, could manage to slip through the jungle without a great deal of noise. But our hunters said they could disappear as silently as smoke. From all I can learn from anyone, even the big ones must be very shy, gentle creatures who lead lonely lives in the forests that are so difficult for men to penetrate.

The bamboo was like a shower bath for there had been rain and snow the previous night. We hadn't gone very far before we were drenched to the skin and panting for breath on the steep, rough slopes. The clouds hung far down into the valleys, and soon we were right in the middle of them. When you see a fluffy white cloud that looks as soft as a kitten, you probably haven't stopped to think what a very wet cushion it would make to sit on.

Quentin showed me the first trap. It was cleverly made with a little hole in the ground, just big enough for a Panda's foot, with a little slip noose concealed under dead leaves. When the Panda's foot stepped into this hole, a bent sapling with a stout wire attached would snap up, and there he'd be—securely tied. We were very careful with all of our traps to set only the kind that could

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never injure an animal. Only once have I seen an animal caught in a cruel steel-jawed trap and I have never forgotten it. I was walking one winter day through a Connecticut woodland when I heard a clinking sound that came from a crevice in an old stone wall. I peered into it and there was a half-grown little cat caught by her fore paw, struggling desperately to get away. She was maddened by pain, and when I tried to release the heavy spring she bit me through my thick leather gloves, straight to the bone. I finally had to walk back to the farmhouse to get a man to come and release the trap with a hammer. The little cat ran off on three legs, the mutilated front one hanging only by a little flesh and fur. Quentin and I never used that sort of trap.

A little farther on we looked at another trap. I tried to imagine what we'd do if we found a big Panda in it. The mounted ones I had seen in museums had very long and pointed claws. They also had very sharp teeth for chewing the tough stalks of bamboo. In the spring, Pandas eat the tender shoots, but in winter they must eat the bigger, tougher stems. (Chinese people also eat bamboo shoots, and find them very good.)

If we were to come upon a full-grown Panda in one of our traps, we would have a great problem before us. We carried a stout collar and an iron chain for his neck, and at camp we had a great pair of tongs to hold him down, but even then his claws and teeth wouldn't be out of reach of anyone who tried to tie him. Our hunters would have to go back to camp and build some kind of cage, but how would we get our captive in it? Then how would we get the whole business down the steep mountain side which I could hardly negotiate by myself without stumbling, falling or sometimes sliding most of the way?



A CLEAN BILL OF HEALTH,
SHANGHAI (*Eastman Kodak*)



THE PERFECT FORMULA,
SHANGHAI (*Eastman Kodak*)

I began to wonder if I really wanted a Panda; I knew I'd feel so sorry for him that after a little while I'd want to let him go back to the jungles he loved, safe from human beings whose very scent he would fear. Always when I go to the zoo, I feel sorry for the lions and tigers who pace their cages remembering the beautiful, free forests they have known. For the animals who have been born in captivity it isn't so bad; they never knew what freedom was like.

The jungle was so thick I couldn't see two feet before me, so when a shot rang out ahead of us I didn't know for a few moments what had happened. I heard the hunters shouting and Quentin calling out orders in Chinese. I knew it must be something exciting and I pushed ahead as fast as I could. After falling and slipping on the slope I came up to Quentin who told me that the hunters had caught a glimpse of a big Panda, and had fired at it. This they should not have done, for we didn't want a dead Panda. I was delighted when we made certain it had not been hit.

We plowed on a little farther through the dripping bamboo which gradually gave way to a few big trees. Quentin stopped suddenly. He listened a moment and then went forward so rapidly I couldn't keep up with him. Dimly I saw him through the wet, waving branches standing near a huge rotting tree. I followed as best I could, brushing the water from my face and eyes. Then I, too, stopped—frozen in my tracks.

From the old dead tree trunk came a baby's whimper.

Stories of "babes in the woods"—all sorts of things—rushed through my mind. Perhaps an abandoned little Chinese baby? No, that couldn't be possible in this forest so far from the places where people lived.

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Quentin reached into the hollow trunk of the tree. Then he turned and walked toward me. In his arms was a *baby*—a baby who was whimpering just as your own little brother or sister might. But it wasn't any kind of baby you or I had ever seen before. Probably no one had even seen a baby like that because it was a Baby Giant Panda.

I took her in my arms, or rather in my hands, for she wasn't any bigger than a kitten, and just as blind as kittens always are. She looked exactly like a miniature picture of the big stuffed Pandas I have seen in museums. I held in my hands something weighing perhaps two pounds, when I had been expecting to see—if I were lucky enough to see anything—something fierce and struggling, weighing three hundred pounds or more. (Even a normally gentle animal will fight savagely when trapped.) Quentin and the other hunters agreed that she couldn't have been born more than a week or ten days before.

The little animal nuzzled in my coat. She was too tiny, too newly born to know that I wasn't her mother. She was hungry, and the little cry, so like a real baby's, was pitiful. The nursing bottle and the dried milk were not in the nearest camp; they were in the camp far down the valley below. We must hurry back.

Quentin tucked the Baby inside his shirt where she finally went to sleep, and as fast as we could we went back down the mountain, down the rocky river valley and over the slippery logs which serve as bridges across the stream. It seemed as though we would never get there, and whenever she woke our little captive cried for food.

By late afternoon we arrived in camp. Quentin hurriedly mixed some dried milk with warm water, hoping that it was the right amount. Then I held the Baby Panda in my arms and fed her from



SU LIN'S TWO *AMAHS*



SNIFFING THE PACIFIC

a bottle for all the world as one would feed a tiny human baby.

Next we made her a cradle out of one of the canvas cases in which we carried our clothes and food. We lined the cradle with a flannel shirt, and hung it from a pole in the tent. The Baby was now warm and well fed, so she waved her paws a few times, made funny little contented noises in her throat, and went to sleep.

Then we sat down to talk about what to do next. I wanted to stay in our little camp, and watch the Baby grow up in that lovely valley. I couldn't imagine anything that would have been more fun, but Quentin said no; for after all we didn't have much dried milk with us, and only one nursing bottle, and what would we do if it ever got broken? In those mountains of far western China there are no grocery stores, and even after we had traveled for many days to the nearest big town, where only a very few foreigners live, we wouldn't be able to buy milk for her. The Chinese people do not have great herds of cattle as we have in America; in fact I doubt if many Chinese children have ever seen a glass of milk. Even the tiny children drink tea.

So it was decided that as soon as we could pack up we would journey down out of the mountains to the nearest big city which is called Chengtu. From there I could go quickly to Shanghai. It was a wise decision because within two days we decided that it would have been much easier to raise a human baby than a Baby Giant Panda. We called her Su Lin, because that means "a little bit of something very cute" when translated into English. But even "something very cute" can be hungry, and Su Lin wanted to be fed at all sorts of odd hours—perhaps two o'clock in the morning when it was cold and rainy and we had to build a fire for hot water. Sometimes in the middle of the night she'd wake up and be

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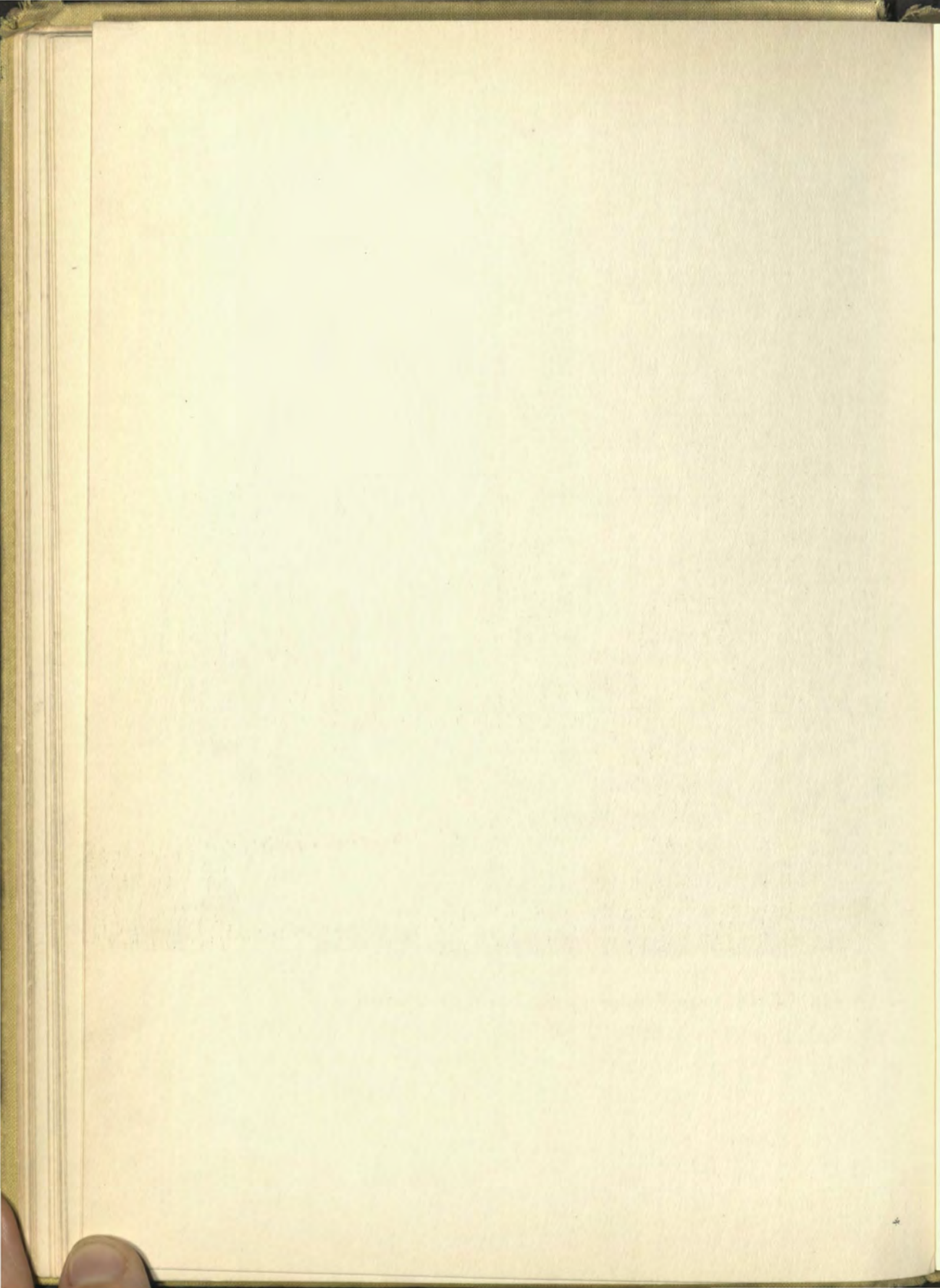
chilly or just lonesome for her mother, so I would take her into bed with me. After all, I felt badly to have taken her from the mother our hunters had frightened away, so I felt I would have to make up to her for the loss of her mother. She would cry a little and then snuggle down in my hair, or go to sleep sucking the lobe of my ear.

There was also the problem of keeping her cradle dry. We used my shirts and Quentin's sweaters—everything we had, which wasn't very much. That was the one thing I hadn't thought of in Shanghai—that all babies need changes of blankets and such. We finally tore up the few bath towels we had and tried to put diapers on her, but in that respect she was distinctly more of a problem than any small baby I have ever seen. She squirmed and wiggled and finally yipped her annoyance; she'd have none of it.

Whang, one of our hunters, made a little basket of bamboo for Su Lin to travel in. I put my big shaggy gray blanket in the basket and then we tucked in Su Lin herself. When we were ready to start, Gao, another of our hunters, strapped the basket on his back, and off we set—Su Lin, Quentin and I, with several hunters and porters—on the long trip which was to end in America. It was surely one of the strangest trips ever made, for the central figure in our little caravan was the first Giant Panda ever captured alive. (At the moment she was a very small giant, indeed.)



STILL TOO YOUNG TO STAND (*Wide World Photos, Inc.*)



3. *From Cradle to Airplane*

THE first night on our way back we slept in an old ruined castle which many years ago had belonged to a great prince of Wassze. Before the revolution that made China a republic in 1911, there were several little mountain kingdoms on the border between Tibet and China. Now the princes are all dead, or have moved away, and their castles are falling to ruins. We found a little room which opened on a terrace overlooking the hills and the river below. Here we were sheltered from the wind and rain. An old Chinese man who had made his home in one of the less ruined rooms of the castle lent us a little stove. This stove was nothing but a low table with a shallow iron plate to hold the fire. We cooked our supper over it, and heated the water for Su Lin's milk.

Su Lin slept in her basket next to my camp cot, and Quentin, who slept in his sleeping bag on the floor, was never far away. A hunter or two, rolled in blankets, slept close to the fire to keep it from dying down so that we could have hot water any time the Baby woke and cried for her bottle.

In spite of these primitive arrangements none of us had any difficulty sleeping, for after you have walked and scrambled over mountains, sometimes twenty-five or thirty miles a day, you can sleep on anything—and any kind of food tastes good. Quentin and I often used to carry dry grapenuts in our pockets to munch along

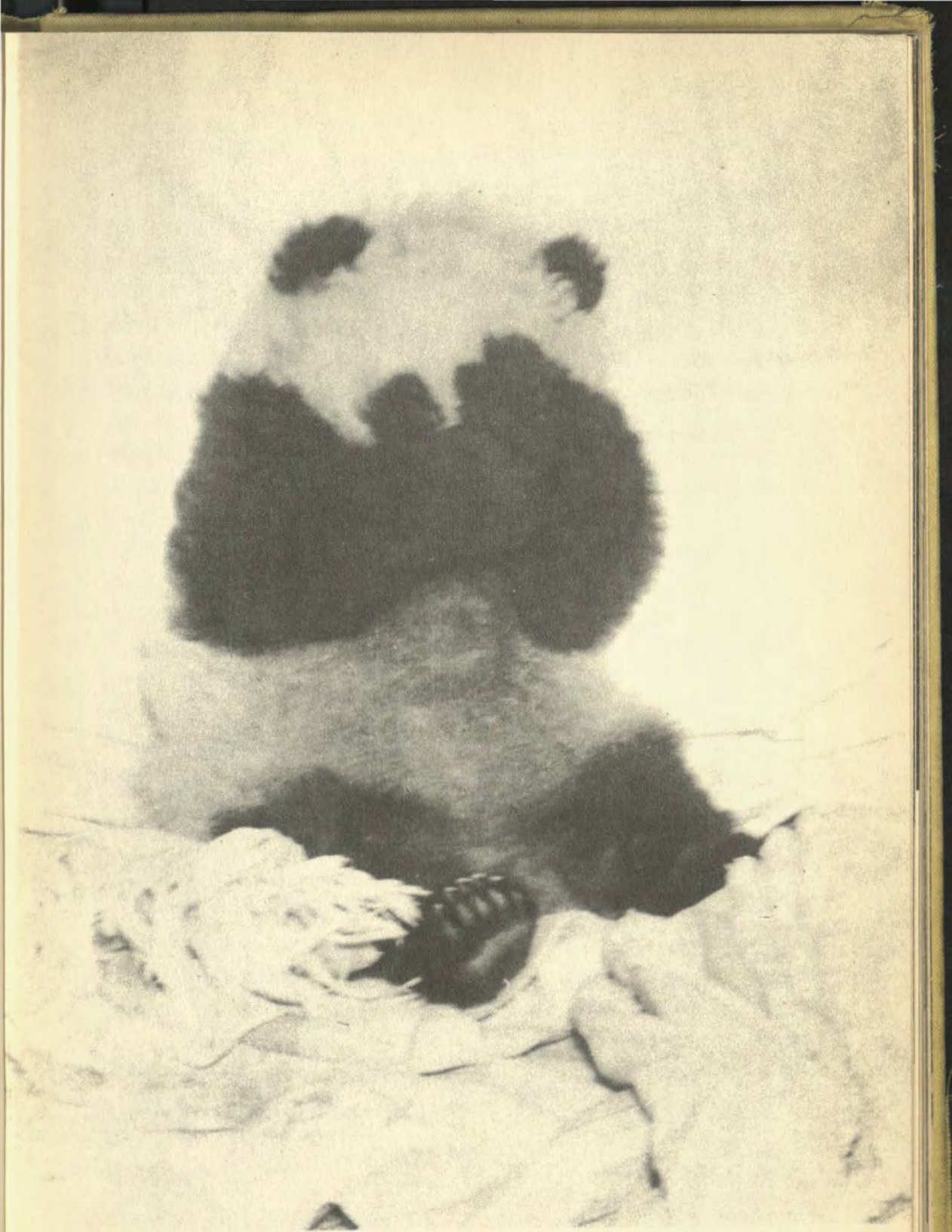
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the way. They tasted just as good to us as though they had been served in a china dish with bananas and cream.

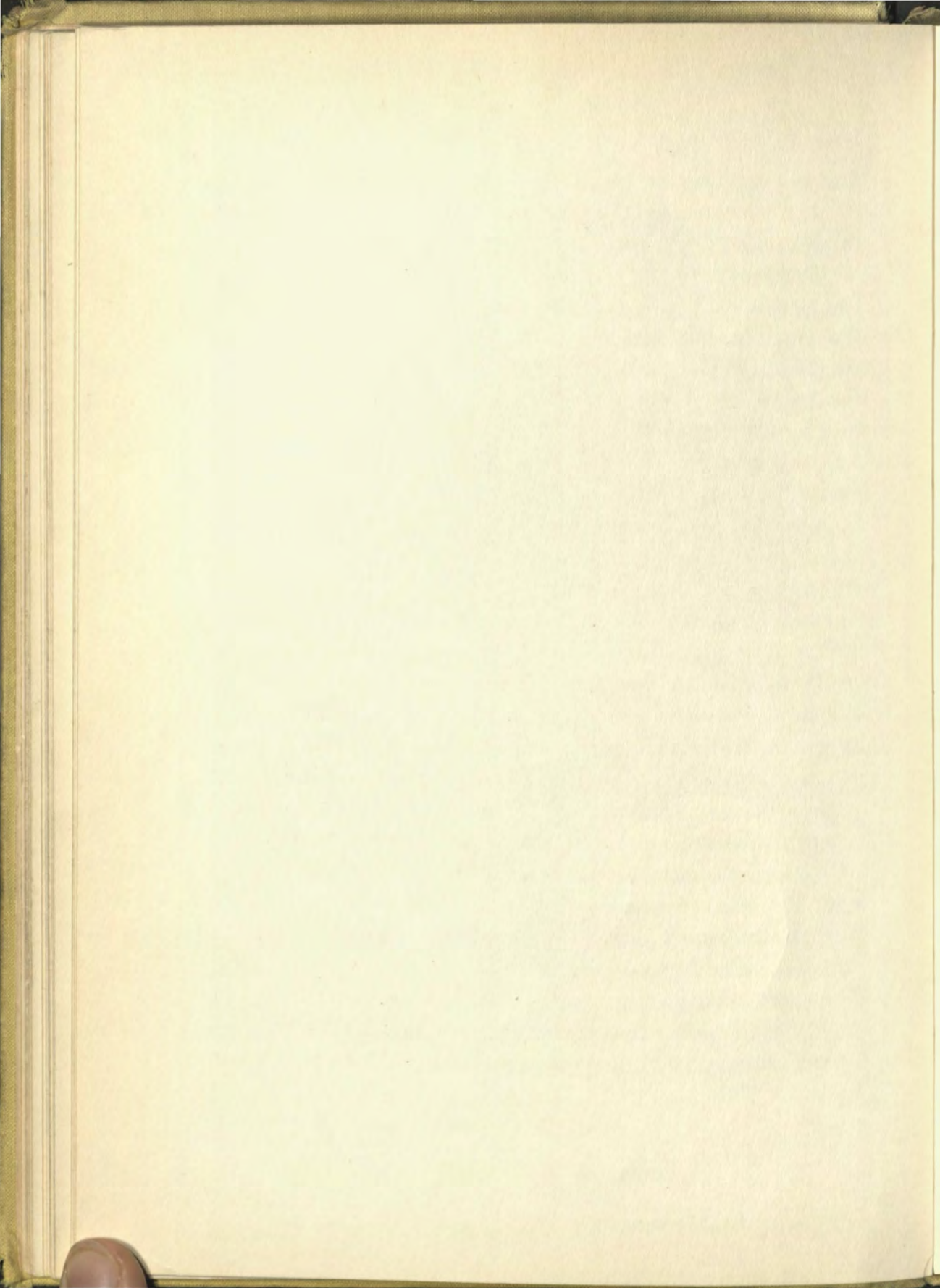
Su Lin turned out to be a fine traveler. All day long, snuggled in the gray blanket in her little bamboo basket on Gao's back, she slept as we made our way at first up a steep mountain ridge and then down to a river called the Min. The Min is a lovely river with blue rushing water churning down its bed in foamy rapids between high mountains and cliffs. We came the second night to a walled town built on the banks of the Min, a town called Wenchuan.

There are no inns in Wenchuan because it is such a small town that few people ever come there. We camped in an old temple—a Buddhist Ghost temple just outside the walls. In America no one would ever dream of camping or living in a church or cathedral even if it were partially ruined. In China, priests and their families, sometimes other people and even foreigners, live in temples. The Chinese feel differently about religion. It is an everyday matter, and perhaps they think their gods are everyday people. Then, too, in the greater part of China Sunday is no different from any other day in the week. Sometimes when we were camping in the mountains or traveling for days up river valleys, I didn't know whether it was Thursday or Monday. Chinese people do not think time is as precious as we Westerners do—they are a leisurely people who do not have our American habit of always being in a hurry.

That night in the Ghost Temple Su Lin decided to have food about twelve o'clock. She was a very demanding baby, and when she was hungry she wanted her food immediately. First there would be babyish whimperings, then a louder wail, and finally an impatient little yip which meant, Why don't you hurry? Since no



CAMERA SHY (*Bryant Haliday*)



one had ever brought up a baby of that kind before, we decided that she knew more about how much she should have and when she should have it than we did.

We were greatly worried over our ability to keep Su Lin alive. She was such a tiny thing, and we didn't know how delicate she might be. It might be possible, I thought, that even a common cold such as she might catch from a human being would prove fatal to her. All we could do was to look out for her as carefully as we could and keep people away from her as much as possible.

Soon after we awoke in the temple the next morning all of the mothers and fathers of Wenchuan came early, bringing their little Chinese children to see Su Lin. She was sleeping and I didn't want to disturb her. Of course everybody wanted to pet her. If you ever had a teddy bear when you were little that was soft and snugly—one that you liked to take to bed with you—you'll know how people felt about Su Lin. They wanted to pick her up and hug her. Of course I let all of the Chinese children see her, but I'm sure they thought I was unreasonable because I wouldn't let them touch her. They asked all sorts of questions about her, too, but I didn't understand a word of what they said. They were nice children, and when I said, "Ting bu ao," which means "I do not understand," they thought it was extremely funny and laughed a great deal.

When you travel in far western China it is not like traveling in the mountains anywhere in America. There aren't any railways for hundreds and hundreds of miles; there isn't such a thing as an automobile, or a motor road, and there are very, very few horses. You couldn't go down the Min River in a boat because it is too full of rapids. We did manage to hire one shaggy brown pony—a sweet little animal with a collar of bells that tinkled musically with

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every step. Part of the time Quentin rode her, and part of the time I did; the rest of the time we walked. Quentin looked very funny on the pony because she was so small that his long legs nearly touched the ground.

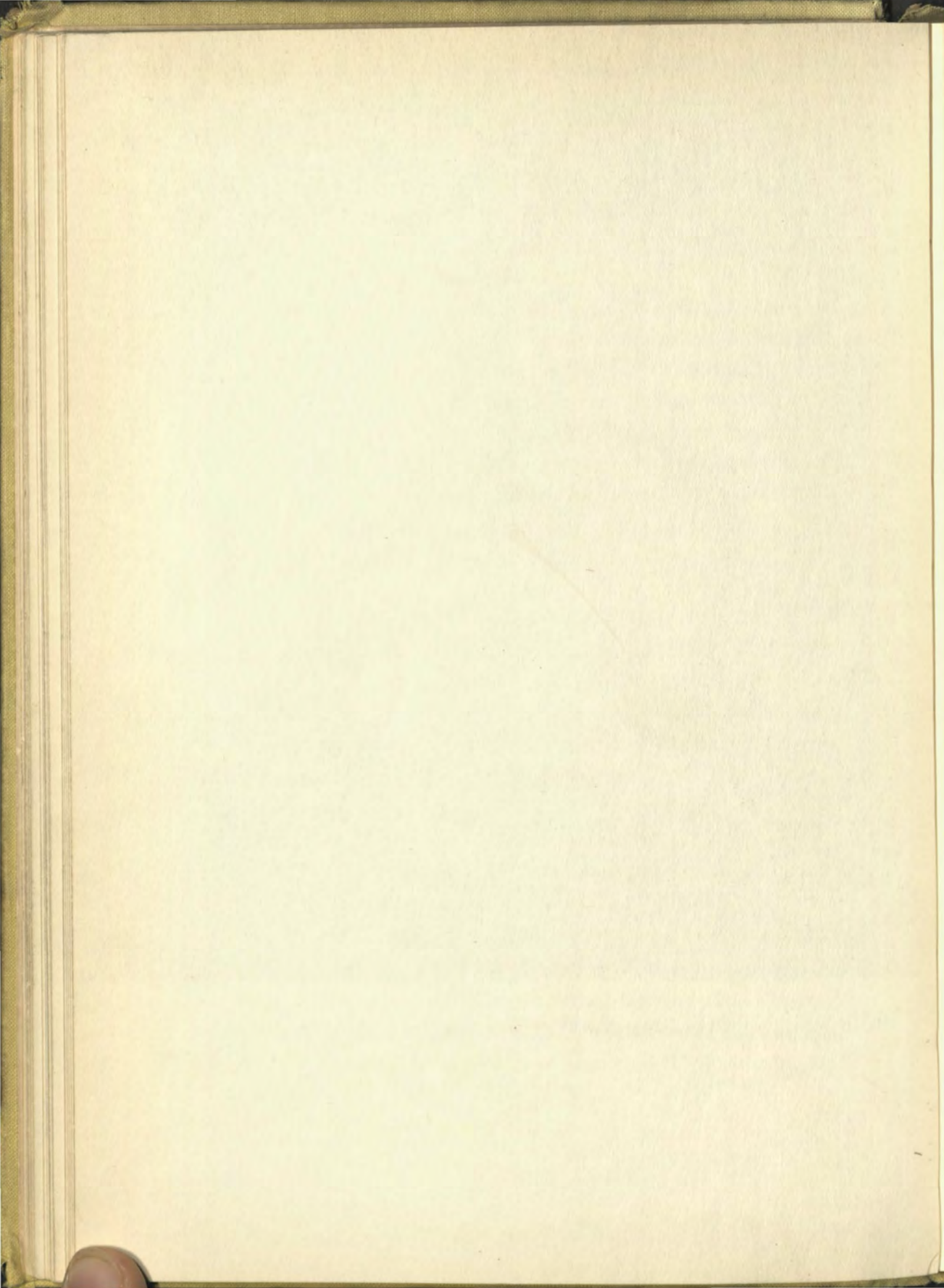
There is another way to travel in the mountains, and that is by means of what the Chinese call a *wha-gar*, consisting of two long stout bamboo poles with cross pieces at each end. You lie in a little cradle hung between the poles and your feet rest in a swing which hangs below. The *wha-gar* is carried by two coolies bearing the end pieces across their shoulders. It is a very pleasant way to travel. On the level places you jog along, almost going to sleep with the gentle swinging motion, but when you come to the rough spots, or a steep climb, you get out and walk, so as not to over-tire the coolies who are carrying you.

There were no *wha-gars* in Wenchuan because there are so few people who ever want to go any place, so we had only the one little pony. But I didn't mind that. It was autumn, and the air was crisp and cool; because of Su Lin I was glad that there was no rain.

For three days more we traveled down the river valley. At times the trail ran near the foaming stream where we had to pick our way among the huge rocks; again it would ascend suddenly and we would find ourselves high up the cliff on a path that was just a tiny shelf with the blue river hundreds and hundreds of feet below. I always tried to keep up to Gao who carried Su Lin, but Gao could walk faster than I could in that rough country, so it was usually Quentin who was nearest to see that no harm came to her. I do not think there was anything that could possibly have harmed her, but just the same we were taking no chances with our precious infant.



STALKING HER PREY (*Bryant Haliday*)



At night we stopped at tiny inns high in the mountains where we were given a bare room with a sanded floor in the middle of which we built our fire. All of us—Quentin, Su Lin, the hunters, the porters and even the pony—slept in the one room. The pony never slept much; she munched cornstalks all night. The inns were flimsy little buildings, with thatched roofs and bamboo walls. They had heavy wooden doors, however, which were closed and locked at dusk to keep out evil spirits. There were no comforts such as even the smallest inn in America would have to offer, but it was always fun sitting on our blankets before the fire, cooking our own supper and preparing Su Lin's milk. Afterwards Quentin would tell me interesting things about China—of the ways and customs that are different from ours, of his hunting trips into far Tibet, of the people there and the strange animals to be found nowhere else in the world.

We finally reached a small but busy Chinese city called Kwanhsien. Down from the last hill through the city gates (many Chinese towns and cities have walls and great gates with watch towers) into the crowded, teeming streets, we went. No foreign people lived in that town—just Chinese—so we were very much surprised when we met a little group of foreign women. They knew that I had gone to hunt a Panda, but you should have seen the expressions on their faces when I showed them Su Lin sound asleep in her basket! The English lady was especially pleased to be the first Englishwoman ever to see a baby Panda.

We had much the same experience when we reached the next town. My friend the postal commissioner, the Italian gentleman whose guest I had been before I left for the mountains, said he was certainly the first Italian ever to see one. Another friend, Captain

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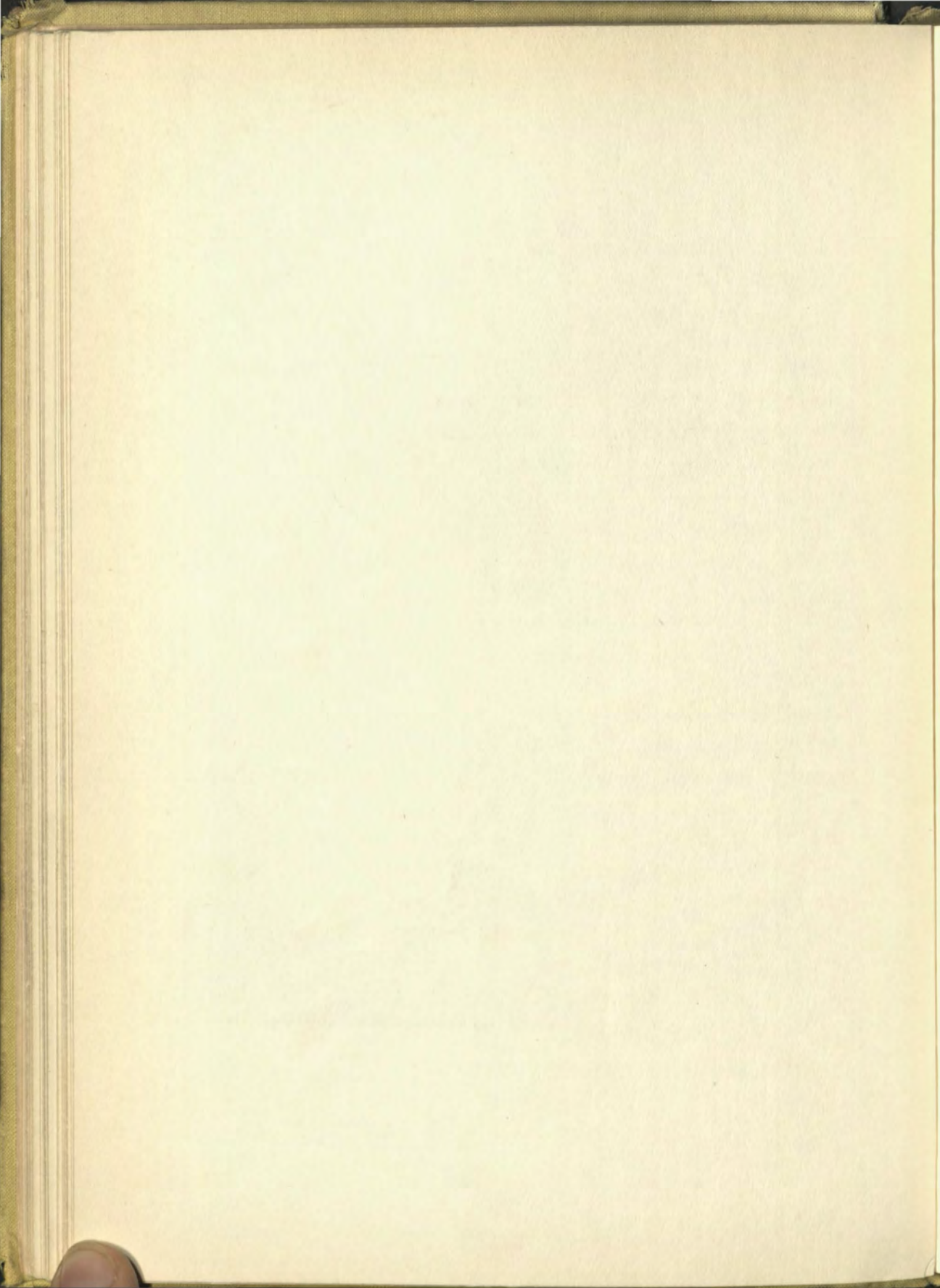
Mac, who piloted the great Douglas planes from Shanghai to Chengtu, said that he was going to be the first American aviator ever to fly a baby Panda two thousand miles down to the sea coast of China.

That night Su Lin slept in the old Chinese palace which is the postal commissioner's house in Chengtu. At dinner everybody was gay because it was the first dinner party ever given in honor of a baby Panda.

The next morning at the flying field I waved good-by to Quentin from the plane. I was sorry he could not continue with us. We were good friends, and without him I never could have gone into the mountains to capture a Panda, for I could speak only a few words of the language our hunters and porters used. I could never have managed the expedition by myself. But I had to get Su Lin to civilization as I needed help in caring for her; and Quentin had to go back to our camps in the mountains to pack up our equipment which in our haste we had left there. Besides, he wanted to study, if possible, the lives and habits of Su Lin's relatives, and perhaps bring back information which would be of great value in raising the only living Giant Panda in captivity from babyhood to maturity.



SU LIN WITH MRS. HARKNESS (*Lotte Jacobi*)



4. *Debut in Shanghai*

THROUGH gray Chinese rain and the dimness of a November evening the great airplane circled over the city of Shanghai. The yellow lights below were a misty radiance before the plane glided to a stop on the landing field. A stranger passenger has never flown over China, or over any place else in the world, than the one Captain Mac had with him in the control room—Su Lin—the Baby Giant Panda. She had slept most of the way in her little bamboo basket. Only once when we stopped at Hankow did she want food.

“Where’s the Panda?” asked Denny, a friend whom I had asked by wire to meet us.

Just then Captain Mac appeared carrying the basket covered with a raincoat to protect the sleeping Baby. He put the basket in Denny’s waiting car. Newspapermen with cameras approached and wanted pictures; but I could not allow them to take any. I was afraid Su Lin would catch cold in the rain.

Denny drove swiftly through the wet, glistening streets of the great Chinese city to the Palace Hotel in the foreign quarter. It seemed almost home to me, because I had stayed there before and it became Su Lin’s home, too, for a time.

Su Lin was waking up so I let Denny hold her. He was promptly enchanted with her as was everybody else who had seen her.

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

"She has personality, this Baby," he said. And Su Lin immediately liked Denny, too. She settled down in his hands which were just big enough to make a cradle for her, and objected whenever he tried to move.

It had been a long trip that day and I was very tired. Unlike Su Lin, I had not slept. All day long I had watched the beautiful Chinese landscape and the mighty Yangtze River slide away beneath us as the plane roared on to the sea coast. So a comfortable hotel bed appealed to me strongly. I fed Su Lin at eleven o'clock. Then I got into bed, hoping she would sleep until at least four or five in the morning before she wanted another bottle. But at midnight a little whimper woke me. Su Lin was crying; she was definitely unhappy and all the cuddling I could give her did no good. I think that, being very tired, I had fed her too quickly. I had probably not taken enough time to put her over my shoulder and pat her back to get the "bubbles" out of her tummy just as you do with a real baby.

I didn't know what to do, but I knew that I couldn't let anything happen to the little bundle of black and white fur which had come to be so precious to me for her own sake, regardless of what she would mean to zoologists and scientists all over the world.

In desperation I telephoned Dr. Francis Nance, a baby specialist known to foreign mothers all over China. It didn't occur to me to call a veterinary.

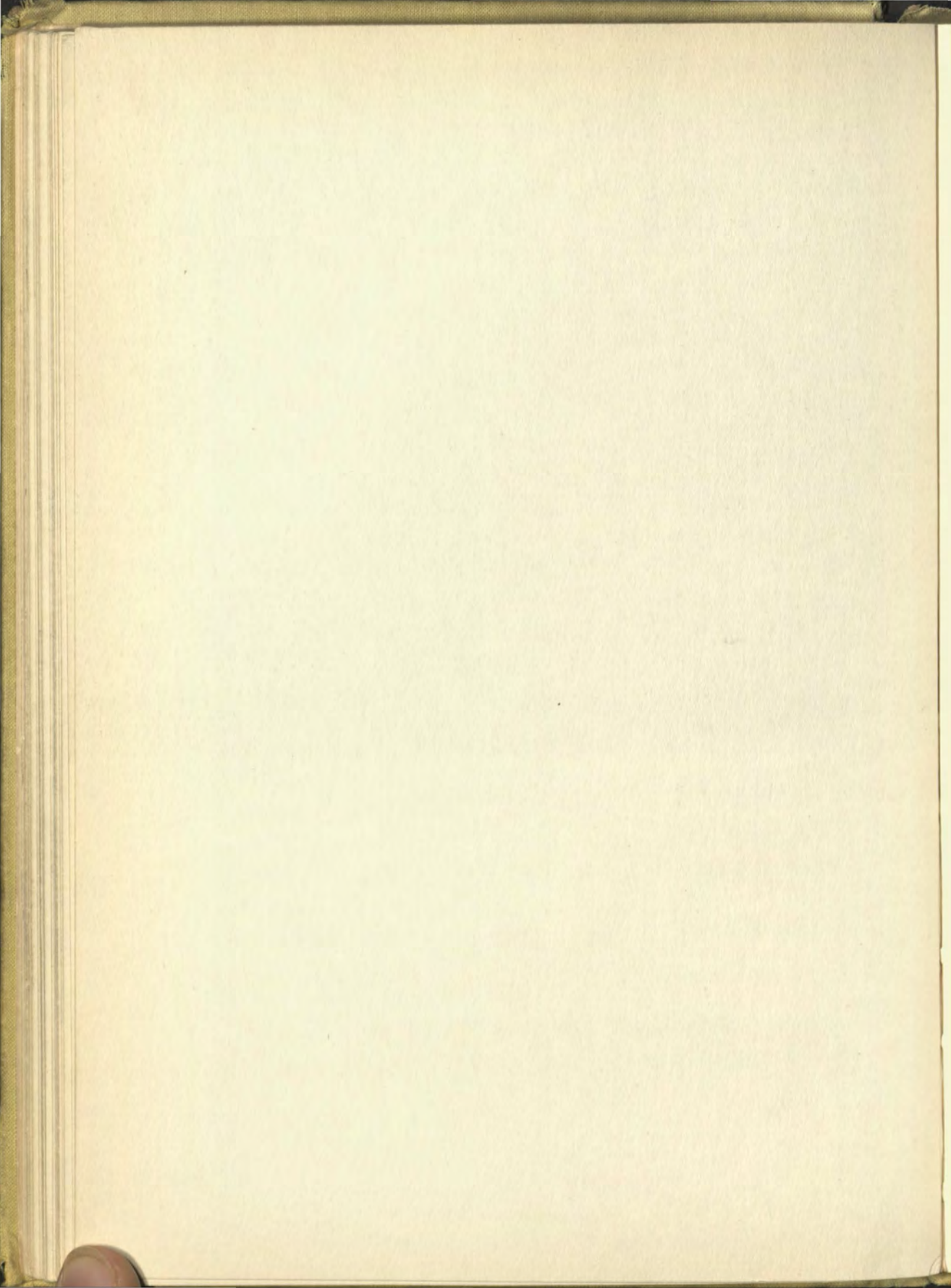
"But just what is a Baby Giant Panda?" he asked sleepily. He had never heard of any sort of Panda before.

Nevertheless he arrived about one o'clock.

"She's the cutest thing I've ever seen," he laughed. I explained to him how important it was that nothing should happen to her—



A ROLL ON THE GRAY WOOLLY BLANKET (*Lotte Jacobi*)



that people had spent months of hardship, danger and a great deal of money just to shoot one of these rare animals.

He was immediately interested; he stethoscoped her, he took her pulse beats and temperature.

"You're just a nervous mother," he said. "She has a bit of colic—nothing more. Give her two drops of peppermint in a little warm water."

Dr. Nance told me later that he stayed up most of the night going through his library for information on the feeding of animals. Of course, he found nothing about feeding Pandas; but he telephoned me the next day about what he thought her formula ought to be. It was apparently correct because Su Lin continued to grow bigger and bigger. Even in the short time I had had her, she had grown very noticeably, though it was still hard to believe that some day she would be bigger than I—much bigger. Su Lin was perfectly well all the rest of the time we were in Shanghai, but Dr. Nance continued to call on her, and I was delighted to have a doctor who knew as much about babies as he did.

The next day I telephoned both Fritz and Jimmy, young American friends of mine who were in business in Shanghai. I asked them to come over, saying that I had something I wanted them to see. They both knew that I had gone to hunt a Panda, and they came rushing to the hotel. I think that what they probably expected to see was an animal the size of a tiger chained to a bed post. When they saw Su Lin, they could hardly believe their eyes. They were so excited that they both asked me dozens of questions at once.

They became almost as fond of Su Lin, I think, as I was. Whenever I had to go out for a little they came to stay with her, for I

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never left her alone for a second. They even fed her sometimes.

For a few nights Fritz took a room across the hall and kept Su Lin with him because I was tired and had a bad cold. He even got up in the middle of the night to feed her. She scratched him once when she was very hungry and wanted her food immediately, but Fritz was very proud to have been scratched by a Panda. Jimmy's and Fritz's friends all over Shanghai began to call them *amahs*, because that is what they call Chinese women servants who take care of children.

After a few days at the hotel Su Lin's eyes were nearly open, and she had begun to learn to climb. That meant a new basket; she was outgrowing the one Whang had made her in which she had traveled down from the mountains. So I got her a roomy wicker one with a lid which could be closed to shut out the light. I was always very careful until her eyes were fully developed not to let them be injured by too strong a light.

I was also careful to give her plenty of fresh air. No matter how chilly it got I kept all of the windows open. The only heat I had in my room was a little open fire in a grate, because Su Lin, with her heavy fur coat, certainly didn't need much warmth. After all, her home in the mountains would have been deep in snow by now.

Friends would call and ask me to go to luncheon or dinner.

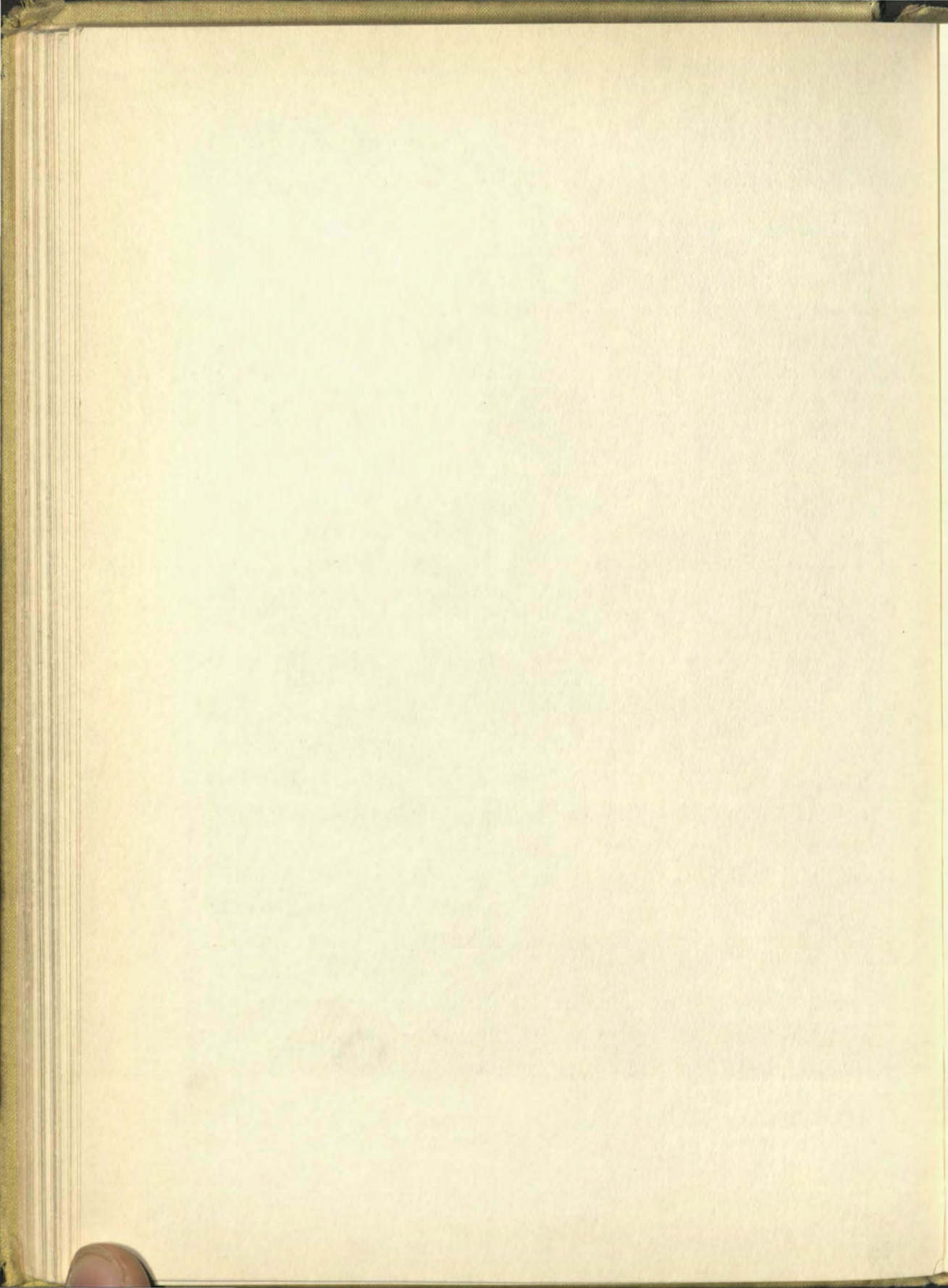
"But I can't leave my Baby Panda," I'd object.

Then they'd say, "Why don't you bring her with you?"

That seemed reasonable enough for she had already traveled over two thousand miles before she was three weeks old. As long as she had been so good a traveler, and would soon travel many



FIFTEEN POUNDS, SIX OUNCES! (*Chicago Tribune*)



more thousands of miles to America, there seemed no reason why she should not go about a bit in Shanghai.

Sometimes we went in rickshas, but more often in taxis. Su Lin loved to ride. We went out for lunches, for dinners and even for tea, but only to houses of friends who would see that she had a room all to herself with all of the windows open. And was Su Lin popular! Her fame spread rapidly over the city and dozens of people came to see her. There was a constant stream of visitors in and out of my hotel.

But I really think it was the children everywhere who loved her most. One night I left the table at a dinner party to see if she were all right and still sleeping. I found my host's and hostess's two children, who should have been in bed and asleep, sitting by her basket. They talked in whispers, every now and then raising the lid to take a peep at her.

Anxiously they asked me, "Are we the first children ever to see a baby Panda?"

I couldn't truthfully tell them that they were, so I said, "You are the first foreign children ever to see one. Many Chinese children in the interior of China in the little towns and villages we passed through have seen her; they crowded around her basket and loved her just as much as you do."

"May we have a picture of her?" they asked.

Now I didn't have very many pictures of her, so next day Su Lin, Fritz and I went to the photographers. That was fun, too, because we went to a photographer whom I had known before I left Shanghai to go hunting. He was among the people who thought I was a little crazy to look for anything so difficult to find as a Panda. Although he was very polite, he laughed about it and

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said, "Well, when you come back to Shanghai with your Panda just bring it here, and I'll make some photographs for you."

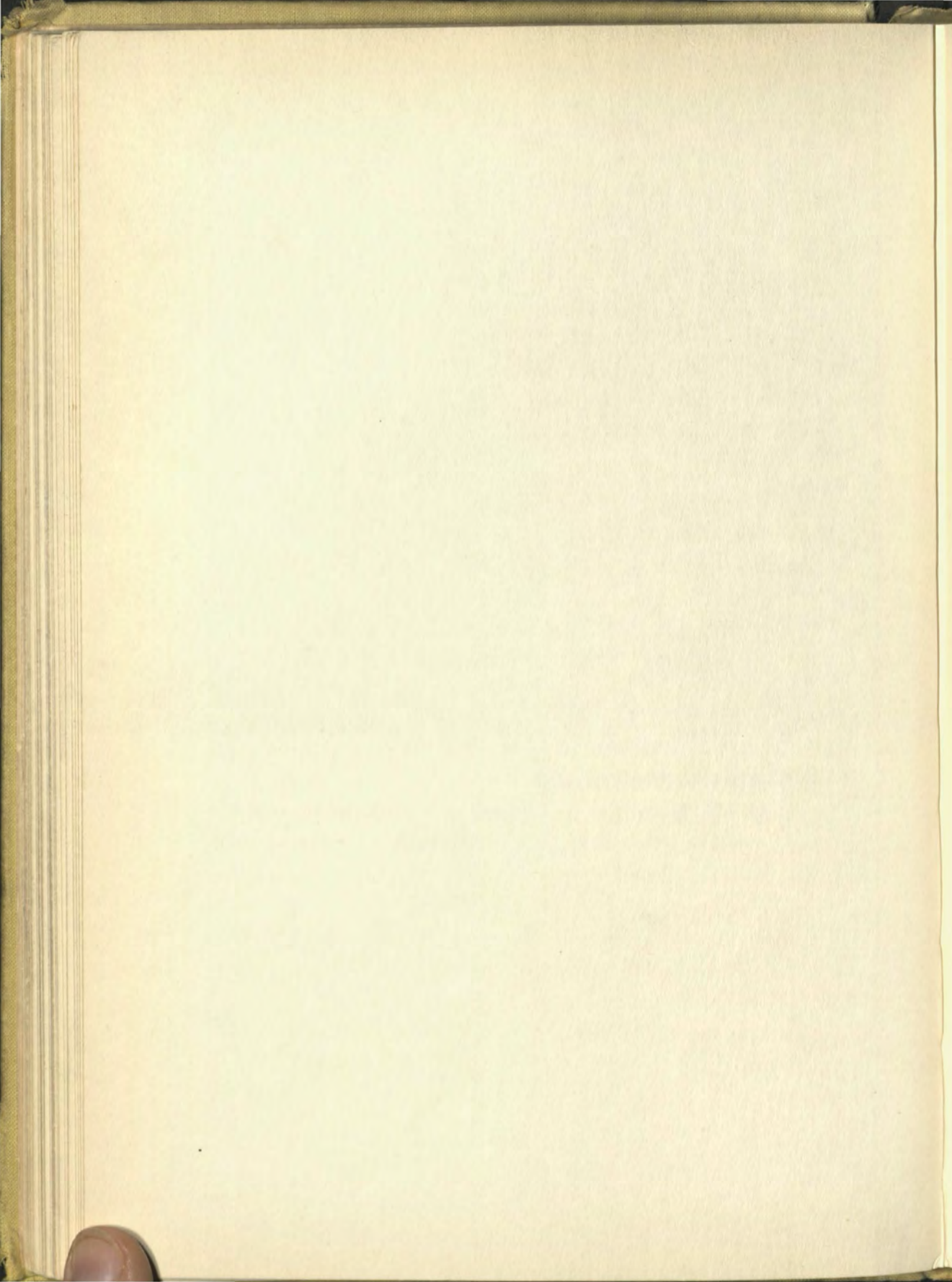
He was delighted to meet Su Lin and only too ready to admit that the joke was on him. Some of the pictures he took are in this book.

We had to stay much longer in Shanghai than I had intended for there had been a great shipping strike in America and no boats were sailing. By now I was becoming very tired, and I needed help—scientific help—that only a zoological institution equipped for such things could give me. I was particularly worried about bamboo for Su Lin. True, she was only a baby but she was growing rapidly, and I didn't know when she'd begin to need other food besides milk. Fritz, Jimmy and I kept track of her weight. The first time she was weighed was eleven days after I found her, and she tipped the scales at four pounds and three ounces. This was astonishing because at most she wasn't over two pounds and a half on that wet cloudy day in the high mountains when Quentin handed her to me.

So I was relieved when I saw all the trunks packed and locked, the suitcases closed, and Su Lin's little wicker basket filled with all of her own things—milk, bottles and everything she needed—all ready to be put on the ship at eleven o'clock one night.



A HARD SCRAMBLE (*Foujita*)



5. *A Passport for a Panda*

I STAYED in China longer than I had thought I would. So did Su Lin.

Fritz and I carried the Baby, sound asleep in her basket, to the tender that would take us to the ship anchored in the river. Soon, I thought, we'd be on our way to America.

Customs officials approached us.

"Mrs. Harkness?" they asked.

I acknowledged that was my name.

"Have you a Panda?"

"Yes, in the basket," I answered.

"We are sorry to detain you," they said, courteously, "but you must come with us to the Customs shed. You must bring your Panda, too."

In my ignorance of Chinese customs regulations, I had not secured an export permit for Su Lin. Naturally a Chinese baby going to America should have a passport. We could not sail for America without it.

Fritz and other friends who had arrived telephoned everyone we knew to try to get a last minute permit, but it was of no use. Every office was locked up for the night.

We got my luggage off the ship and went to the Customs shed. Officials said I might go back to my hotel, but I would have to

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

leave the Baby Panda there. They would give me a receipt for her.

Leave the only Baby Giant Panda anyone had ever had, alone all night in the Customs shed? Certainly not. Who would feed her? Who would take care of her? Not for a minute had I ever left her except with a very few people who cared almost as much about her as I did.

There was nothing else to do, so Su Lin and I spent the night in the Customs shed. The list of strange places in which we had stayed was getting to be a rather long one—mountain camps, ruined castles, temples, huts, old palaces and modern hotels. But the Customs shed was one of the places in which I did not sleep, though Su Lin did. She never stirred through all of the excitement for she had had a very late supper; but I, curled up on a counter wrapped in a fur coat, didn't sleep a wink.

In the morning I telephoned Jimmy-*amah*. He stayed with Su Lin while I went wearily back to the hotel to fix her breakfast.

When I entered the hotel the desk clerk looked up from his morning paper. He stared at me in amazement.

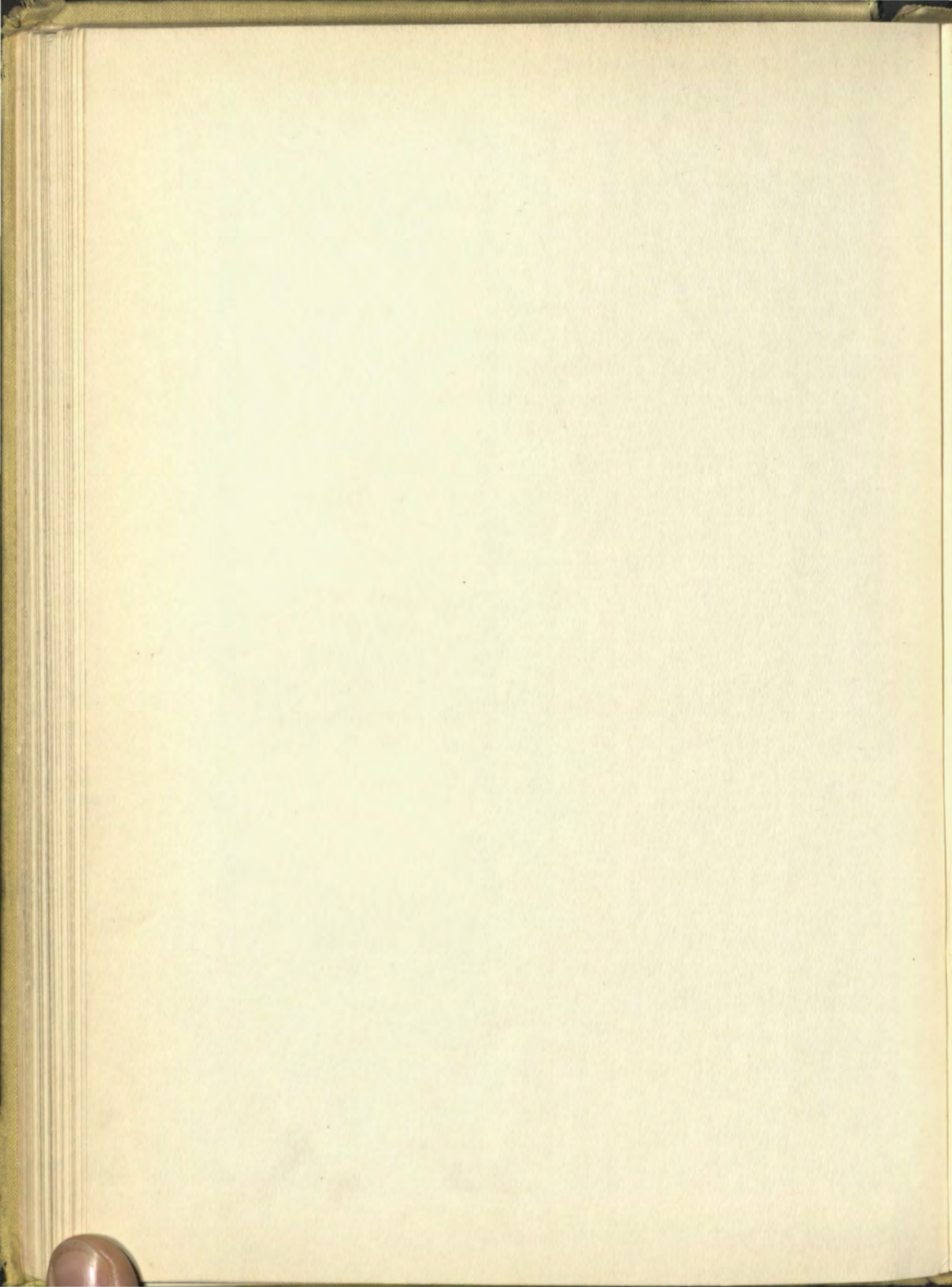
"But why didn't you sail last night, Mrs. Harkness?" He held up the paper. There was Su Lin's picture and the story of the Baby Giant Panda who had sailed the night before for a new home in America.

I explained what had happened, went back to the room I had left a few hours earlier, fixed the milk and rushed back to the Customs shed. There I was told that I was wanted in the Customs Commissioner's office. Leaving Jimmy with the Baby I went across the street to see what I could do about arranging a release for Su Lin.

I waited and waited; the time seemed endless, and after an hour



TO CLIMB OR NOT TO CLIMB? (*Chicago Tribune*)



I knew that Su Lin by that time would be very hungry. I went back to the shed and there was the Baby wailing for breakfast. By now the milk was cold; there was nothing to do but bundle her up and go back to the Commissioner's office.

There office boys and stenographers scurried around getting hot water; but even then things went wrong. In my haste I had taken the wrong bottle with a nipple which hadn't been used before and did not have a large enough hole in it.

Su Lin was hungry, very hungry. At first it was a whimper, then bitter complaint, and finally sharp yips of impatience. More people rushed around trying to find something to make a larger hole in the rubber nipple. We were finally successful and Su Lin had breakfast, but a friend afterward remarked that we had certainly caused "panda-monium" in the Customs offices.

Eventually we went back to the Palace Hotel to settle ourselves to wait for the next boat. Su Lin had been popular before among my friends, but now! Her "sailing" pictures had been in the papers and it seemed to me that all Shanghai wanted to see my Baby Panda. All sorts of people came to the hotel. My telephone rang all day long.

"Do Pandas have tails?" some who hadn't seen her wanted to know.

"How much does she weigh?"

"How much will she weigh?"

"When will she be full-grown?"

"What color are Pandas—how are they marked? Are they all marked the same?"

"Are big Pandas fierce?"

"Are there many of them?"

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

"If so few people hunt and kill them, why are they so rare?"

"When do they mate?"

"When are the babies born, and how many?"

"Do they travel in pairs?"

"Do they climb trees?"

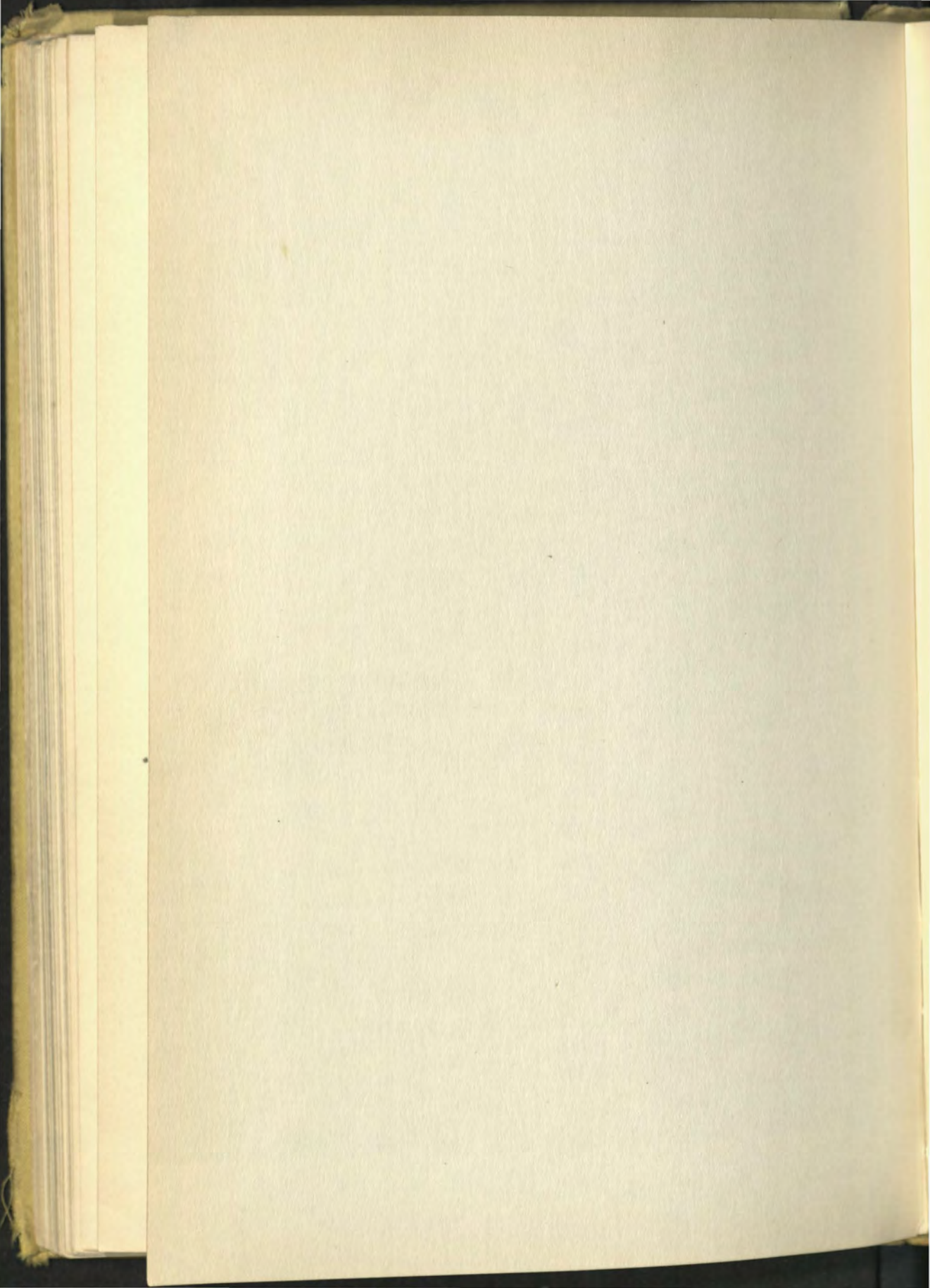
Now I've told you almost everything I know about Pandas. Most of what I know I learned from other people who had hunted them, from what zoologists and scientists have written, and from Su Lin herself. She had a tail, certainly, but a very tiny one. In fact it was so small you could hardly see it; someone called it a "preposterous" tail. I've told you how much she must have weighed when I got her; when we left Shanghai she weighed somewhere between five and six pounds; grown Pandas probably weigh three hundred pounds or more.

As far as anyone knows, all Pandas are marked in exactly the same way—little black ears, four black legs, a saddle of black running up over the shoulders, and black spectacles around the eyes. I have always said that Su Lin is black and white, which is the general impression one gets on first seeing her. However, the black is a sort of brownish black, and I believe the white becomes rather yellowish as Pandas grow up. But Su Lin's white woolly fur was really snow white. The furry little belly was neither white nor brownish black; it was a shade of soft gray-brown.

When I found Su Lin it was early November, but whether all baby Pandas are born in the autumn, I do not know. Certainly there were no brothers or sisters that we could find anywhere in the neighborhood, because we sent a hunter to search the near-by woods very carefully, not omitting hollow trees such as the one in which we found Su Lin. Perhaps there may be a litter at any



ON THE WAY TO THE TOP (*Chicago Tribune*)



season of the year, as is the case with cats and dogs, but I very much doubt it.

Hunters who have been in Panda country all agree in thinking that big Pandas are by nature solitary, shy and probably gentle creatures. One of those shot by a hunter and now mounted in a museum had been found high in a tree, so that proved that Pandas do climb. Later in America I myself saw Su Lin in a tree which she climbed almost as quickly as a cat.

I answered all the questions I could—all that I knew anything about—but there were many to which neither I nor anyone else knew the answer. I went on being an information bureau on Pandas as best I could until in the middle of it all I got bronchitis and completely lost my voice. Then Jimmy and Fritz and Denny came to answer my telephone. When they couldn't leave their businesses, they sent their friends to do it for me.

We finally got the necessary permits for Su Lin, but the next boat didn't sail for five more days, so there were more parties. I don't suppose that any animal ever before had such a social career as Su Lin did in Shanghai. She slept through most of it. Very often I wished that she could answer questions and carry on some of the conversation, because I still couldn't speak above a whisper and my throat was very sore.

At last it was all over. The *President McKinley* sailed on December 2 and so did we. Everything was in order—permits, export tax, and tickets. Su Lin's ticket read "One dog—\$20.00."

We had gone aboard the boat early and missed the officials at the gang plank who collected receipts. A woman carrying a fluffy poodle dog tried to board the boat. The official stopped her and demanded her export permit.

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

"Why do I need a permit?" she asked.

"For the animal," they replied.

"But," she objected, "I've never had to have a permit for my dog before."

Oh, but this was not a dog, the Chinese courteously insisted. It was a Panda!

The lady had never heard of a Panda. The Chinese collectors had never seen one. The lady did, however, know that her poodle was a dog, and she was very indignant. Finally a ship's officer came along who knew that I was in my stateroom, and matters were then straightened out.

At the last minute Jimmy arrived to say good-by to us and give Su Lin a farewell pat. There was a knock at the cabin door and more Chinese officials appeared with their hands full of papers.

I had a Panda? they inquired.

In answer, I raised the lid of the basket.

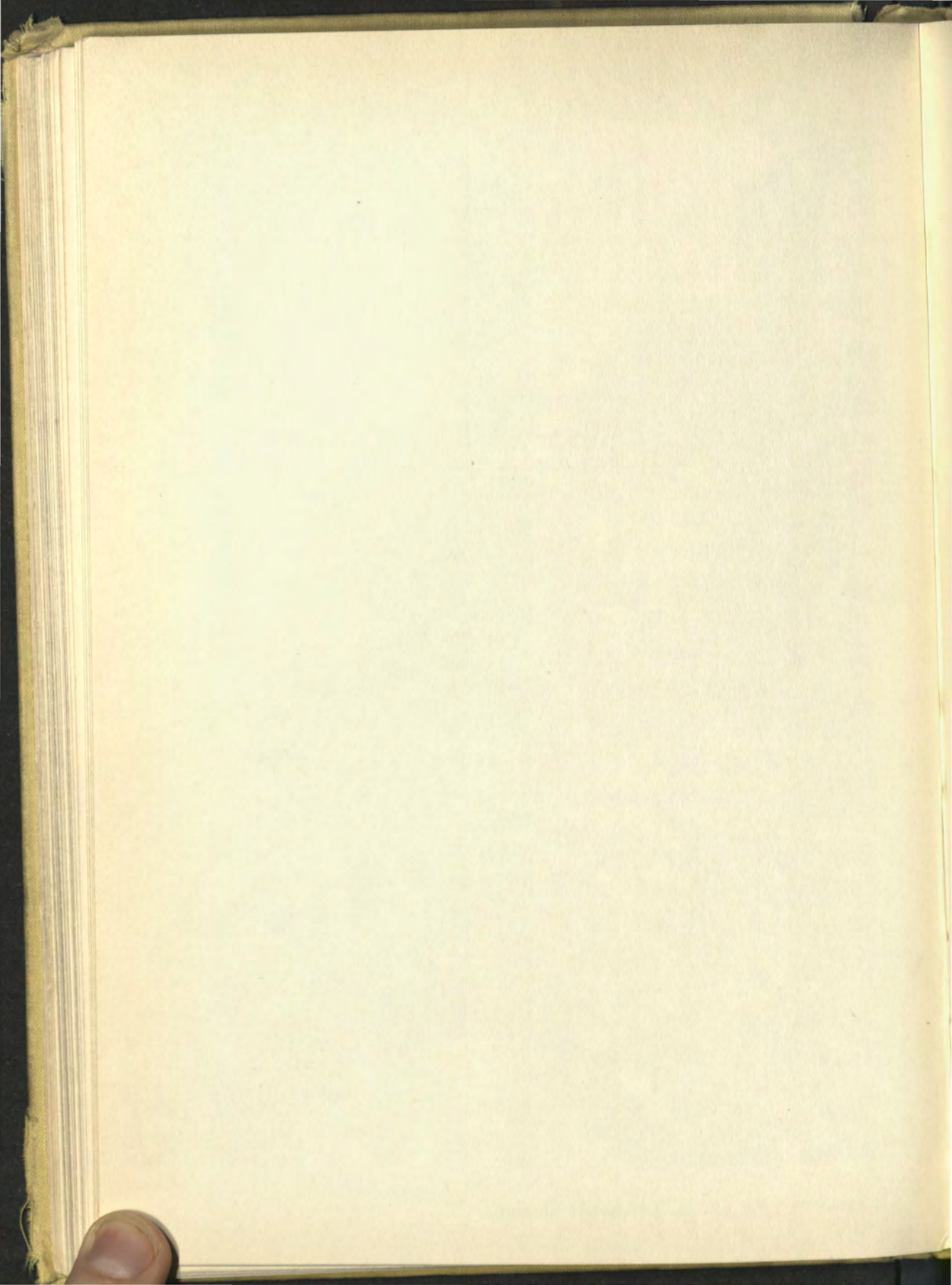
"Only one?" they wanted to know. "Where is the other? There should be two."

I had wished often that there had been two, but certainly Su Lin was the only live Giant Panda outside of the high mountains of the Tibetan border. We managed to convince the officials of this, and they finally departed.

I locked Su Lin in my cabin and stood on deck waving good-by to Jimmy on the tender. After a few turns around the deck I went back to see if the Baby wanted lunch. She did, so I rang the bell. A soft-footed, smiling Chinese boy answered, and I asked him to bring me hot water. To make him understand more fully, I held up the bottle. Just then Su Lin whimpered from her basket. He smiled even more broadly.



ON TOP OF THE WORLD (*Chicago Tribune*)



"All same baby," he announced. "Me get water top-side quick."

When he returned a few moments later, Su Lin was on my bed making one of her first feeble attempts to walk. The boy stopped short in the doorway. The pitcher of hot water crashed to the floor. A look of utter bewilderment came over his face. It was not particularly strange because Su Lin certainly sounded like a baby, and even the way she waved her paws aimlessly was babyish.

"You no have seen before?" I asked.

The boy was embarrassed and determined to make no more mistakes. He stooped to pick up the broken pitcher and remarked in a very off-hand tone, "Oh, yes, missy, have seen many times. All same tiger."

Through the porthole I watched the muddy water as we slipped down the Whangpu River to the Yellow Sea. Sixteen days to San Francisco.

6. *America welcomes Su Lin*

THE voyage across the Yellow Sea to Japan was a smooth one, and I hoped that we wouldn't strike rough weather when we got out on the Pacific Ocean. I remembered a stormy trip I had once taken to the Virgin Islands with my pet Persian kitten "Tibby" who had suffered from hours of seasickness. How would a Baby Giant Panda be affected?

But I need not have worried, for Su Lin was the best sailor of the entire passenger list. She slept and ate, and slept again. By that time she was big enough so that I could feed her late at night, and then not again until early morning. The gentle rocking of the boat made a good cradle for her.

On the sixteen day trip across the Pacific, Su Lin made many new friends; she acquired three more *amahs*, a girl named Maryan, and two young men—Paul and Jerry. They were just as fond of her as the *amahs* in Shanghai had been. And the stewards! The one we called Shanghai, who was on duty at night, was particularly fond of her. Often he would come to my cabin when he thought she was about to have her bottle and sit strumming his guitar while I fed her. Then there was the Captain and all the ship's officers with whom she was a great favorite. She had a new physician, too, Dr. Magan, who called on her frequently. He even bought cod-liver oil for her in Yokohama when the ship



A POLITE BABY PANDA (*Foujita*)

called there. Su Lin has always made many friends wherever she has gone.

It was always interesting to watch Su Lin's reactions to people. She had violent likes and dislikes, all based, I suppose, on her very keen sense of smell. It was a little harder to tell if she did not like someone when she was awake, but it was easy when she was asleep, and a stranger came to look at her. She would catch a new scent which terrified her. Then she would make a noise that was something between a bark and a snort.

Even before her eyes were opened fully, she learned to know me very well by her marvelous sense of smell. And I really think that Su Lin loved me, for her little head often turned, following the direction in which I moved. Some people thought that she snarled at them when she made her funny noise, but it was only because she was frightened. Others thought she was vicious because my arms and neck were always covered with scratches, but that is not true. She couldn't possibly realize when I was feeding her that I was not well protected by a heavy fur coat as her own mother was.

After we left Japan we did run into bad weather in the Pacific and the waves came high over the sides of the ship. My cabin was on a low deck, so I had to keep my portholes closed, or else be drenched. I worried about that because of the lack of fresh air for Su Lin. She became drowsy and didn't want food. I asked Dr. Magan to come to see her and we decided that it was because the closed cabin was stuffy. Both Jerry and Paul came to the rescue, offering their staterooms which were on a higher deck than mine. Their portholes could be left open no matter how bad the weather.

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

So Su Lin and I went up to Jerry's cabin and he moved down to ours. We stayed there until the weather was again calm.

On December 18 we arrived in San Francisco, and Su Lin cut her first tooth. It was Jerry who discovered that. He was an *amah* who really knew all about babies because he had some of his own.

All of China, it had seemed to me, was interested in a baby Panda, but I wasn't prepared for the reception that Su Lin got in California. The boat had hardly docked before dozens of reporters were asking me all the same old questions:

"Where did you find her?"

"How did you happen to find her?"

There were really some people, I believe, who thought I was taking a walk several thousands of miles from home and had just happened to stumble on the rarest animal in the world.

There were even some people who said, "Where can you buy one?"

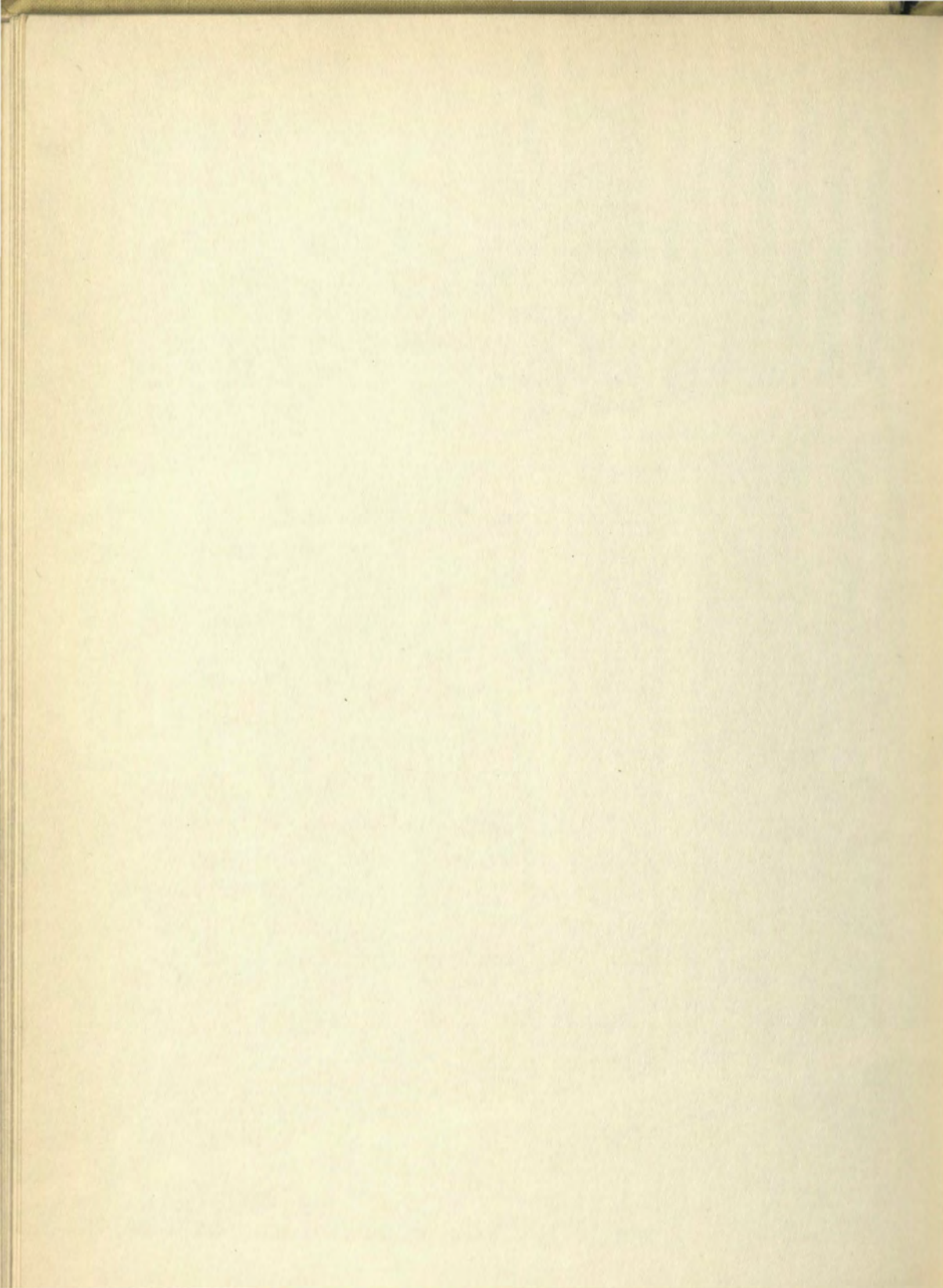
Then cameramen wanted pictures; they wanted to take movies.

We finally took the Baby up to the open deck to have her breakfast; there were so many newspapermen they couldn't all get in my cabin.

Su Lin had been photographed before but never by such a complete battery of cameras. Dozens of flashlights exploded in a glare. She couldn't have two sips of milk in peace. Would I please move her this way, or that way, and would I please make her pose? That was impossible, for she was still too tiny to walk. All the noise and excitement was making Su Lin tremble, so when she began to cry, I took her back to my stateroom and locked the door. Her eyes were not yet very strong and I was afraid that too many flashlights would injure them.



BEHIND BARS (*Foujita*)



If there had been trouble getting Su Lin out of China, there was also difficulty getting her into America. We had to have a certificate for this and one for that; those that I had been so careful to secure beforehand weren't wanted. Then there was the bamboo which had been carried all the way down from the Tibetan border (just exactly the right kind for Pandas), so that scientists might know something about the kind she would have to have when she grew up. I had been particularly careful about the bamboo because I knew that the little Australian Koala bears cannot live in America because they eat nothing but a special kind of eucalyptus leaf which we cannot grow here. We finally satisfied everybody by taking the bamboo up to the Captain's quarters on the ship and washing the dirt off the roots in his bathtub. The Chinese cabin boy must have wondered what the Captain could have been doing when he came in to clean up.

After a long lunchless day (I didn't have any but the Baby did), we were bundled into a taxicab to a hotel for a few hours' rest, and to make arrangements for going to New York.

The airplane companies, it seemed, were anxious to have the distinction of being the first in America to fly a baby Panda across the continent and their representatives gathered in my room to see Su Lin and persuade us to fly. I finally decided, however, that a fast train would be the best way to travel, particularly since the Baby would have more quiet and fresh air than she would in an airplane.

All arrangements were made; friends escorted us to the ferry that was to take us across San Francisco Bay to the train. But there was a great mix-up about the tickets or something; the ferry went without us, and we missed the train. All my luggage was on

that train too; but I did have Su Lin's basket with all of her things in it, so I didn't mind about not having any luggage myself. Back to the hotel we went for another night—I wondering rather dismally if we would ever get to New York, with all the missing of boats and trains, and the many difficulties we were having.

The maid who came to turn down the bed covers caught a glimpse of Su Lin in her basket as I raised the cover to see that she was safe and sound before I went to bed.

"Oh," she exclaimed. "What is it—a lamb?"

Su Lin's heavy woolly coat might have been mistaken for a lamb's but just then she roused a little, and raised her head. The maid gasped. Never before had she seen such a strange little face. Of course, a Panda's markings really are something to be wondered at, although it is the black spectacles around her eyes, I think, that give her such an extraordinary expression. They make her look very wise and sometimes rather sad—like a little Chinese baby thousands of miles from home.

The train trip to Chicago, which lasted two days and nights, was very comfortable. We had an air-conditioned compartment and I had all the heat turned off. Su Lin seemed to take to that mode of travel as she had to every other. Imagine traveling thousands of miles before you were yet two months old!—in a basket on a Chinese hunter's back, by automobile, ricksha, airplane, boat and train.

Another battalion of photographers collected in our hotel room in Chicago where we waited for train connections, and more reporters came to ask the same old questions. When you finish



WHAT CAN I DO NEXT? (*Foujita*)

reading this little book, you'll know a great deal more about Pandas than any of those newspapermen did then.

People from the Chicago Zoological Gardens came to see Su Lin, and also some from the Field Museum which has Colonel Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt's stuffed Panda. The Zoo Director, Mr. Edward Bean, was there, with his son Robert who was the Curator of Mammals. From the first, Robert Bean was enthusiastic about Su Lin. Why didn't I leave her in Chicago then and there? They wanted to have her very much, and they promised me they'd take marvelous care of her. But by that time I was thinking about something I very much wanted to do, and I wanted time to think about it. Besides I wanted to be in New York for Christmas.

Robert Bean came to the train with us, as did another friend of mine who had come all the way down from South Dakota just to see a baby Panda for an hour or two. The last thing Robert said was that perhaps I'd bring her back to Chicago. He certainly hoped I would.

7. *Su Lin's first Broadcast*

THE next morning we were in New York—December 23. Home in time for Christmas with a baby Panda, and I hadn't really expected to be back in America before the next summer.

My brother Jim came rushing up to the train to meet us. He took Su Lin in his arms as though all his life he had been doing nothing but handling that kind of baby. But, of course, he knew about other babies because of his own Michael and Becca who later were brought in to New York to see Su Lin. She snuggled down in his arms and buried her head in his coat sleeve. Little wild animals are so wise; they know whom to trust.

Poor Baby; I felt so sorry for her that morning. New York's reception to Su Lin was more of a "panda-monium" than it had been in Shanghai. We went to a hotel room because there were so many photographers and newspapermen who wanted to see her, besides many, many friends. How she hated the exploding flashlights and the confusion! But that was finally over, and as soon as we possibly could, we rushed through the crowded traffic of New York streets to my apartment where I put her in my bedroom, opened the window and closed the door.

Then Su Lin's social career started all over again. That afternoon Dr. Raymond Ditmars of the New York Zoological Park came to call on her.

"May I please touch her, Mrs. Harkness?" he asked. "I should like to be able to say that I have really touched a live Giant Panda."

He was captivated. Never had he seen a little animal so like a human baby. He watched her taking her bottle, holding on with her paws, just as a baby does. When she wasn't clutching with both paws as hard as she could, one was curled around my fingers.

"I am sure," said Dr. Ditmars, "if anyone had tried to imagine an animal like a Giant Panda, it wouldn't have been possible."

A few days after that Colonel Theodore and his brother Kermit Roosevelt came to see Su Lin. She was by that time becoming rapidly stronger and was trying desperately to walk. Her attempts were clumsy and uncertain because the little hind legs were not as well developed as the front ones, and after one step, over she'd roll. I don't quite know what the Colonel expected to see, but I do know he wasn't prepared for the quaint little fuzzy ball that weighed about nine or ten pounds and was trying so hard to take a step or two. He just sat down on the floor and said, "Why, you dear little thing, you."

Mr. Herbert Bradley of the Board of Directors of the Chicago Zoological Society arrived in time to see the Colonel rocking the Baby in his arms.

"You see, Colonel," he remarked, "we really ought to have Su Lin in Chicago, because if she should die, she would be mounted in your group of Pandas at the Field Museum."

The Colonel looked up indignantly and glanced at his young son Quentin who was busily taking pictures of his father and Su Lin.

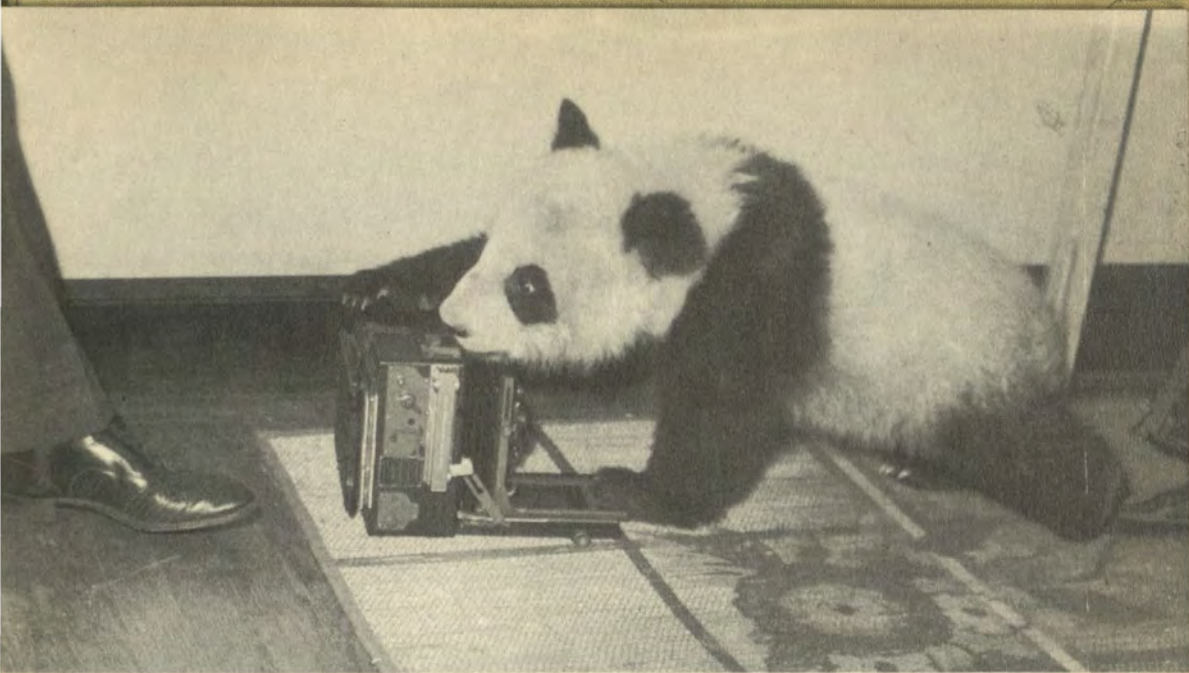
"I'd as soon think of mounting my own son as I would this Baby," he said.

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

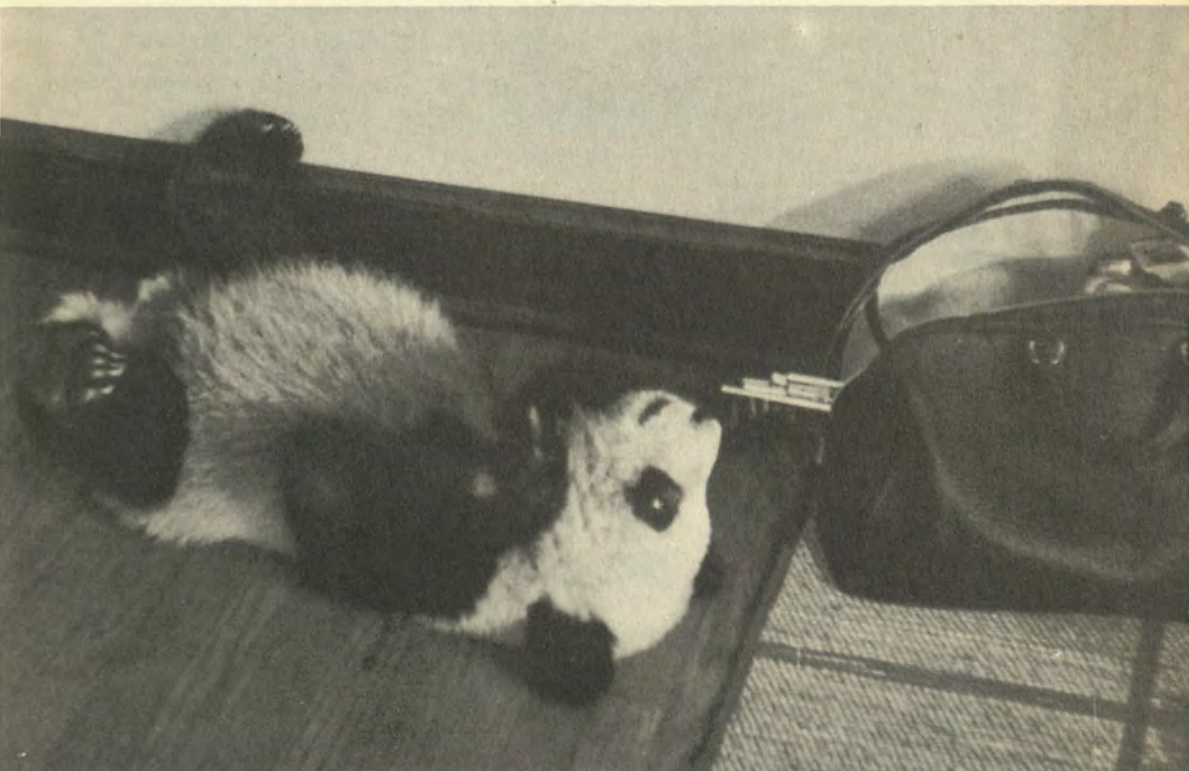
I understood how he felt, because I felt that way about it, too. When people asked me to whom I was going to "sell" her, I tried to explain that I couldn't do that—that I couldn't possibly sell anything that was as dear to me as Su Lin was. I knew that I couldn't keep her forever, because she would get much too big for my little apartment. I would have to have a big place in the country with people to help me take care of her, and that would take a great deal of money, which I didn't have. In fact I had spent almost everything I owned in the world just finding Su Lin and bringing her back to America.

I realized she would have to go to a zoo soon—and I wanted her to go to the zoo which could best take care of her. I also wanted her to go to the zoo which would give me enough money for another expedition; for this is what I had made up my mind that I wanted to do. I felt by this time that Su Lin was going to like civilization and people, and that there was no doubt of her growing up in captivity. The officials of the various zoos didn't seem to be as sure of that then as I was, but I *knew* that she was going to be well and healthy and probably live to a ripe old age. But, I thought, what a lonely life it would be for her. Just imagine, if you had to go to live among people, or even animals, not one of whom was in the least like you, how lonely and miserable you'd be. Therefore I wanted to find a zoo which would not only take care of Su Lin but also give me enough money so I could go back to China and try to find another live Panda to live with her. I hoped, of course, to find another *baby* Panda.

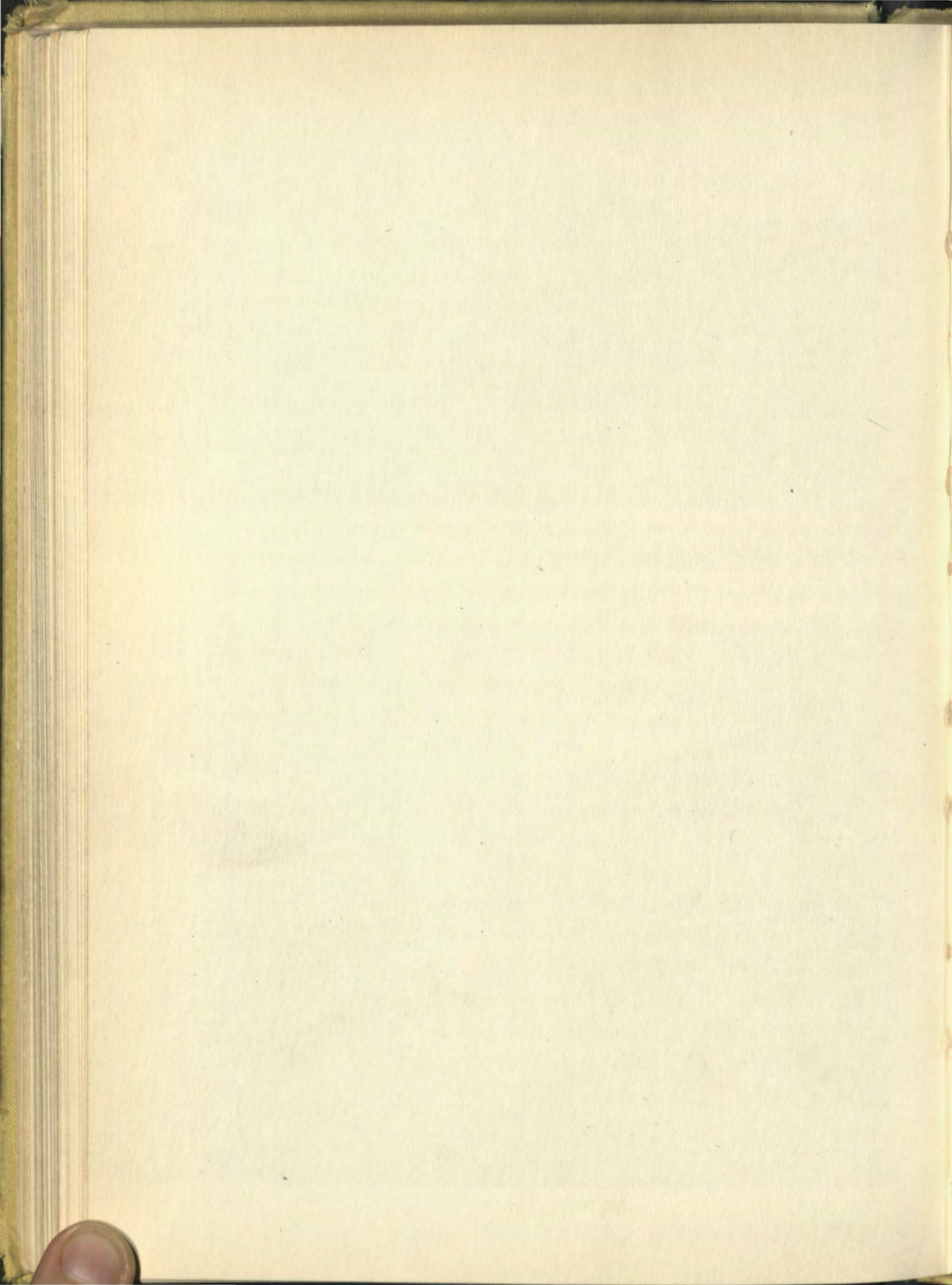
I soon found out that it was going to take time to find the right zoo, so Su Lin and I settled down in my apartment. Then the same thing happened in New York that had happened in Shang-



GOOD-BY CAMERA! (*Chicago Tribune*)



WHAT'S THIS? (*Foujita*)



hai. Everybody—all my friends, and a great many people I didn't know—wanted to see her. Before it was all over there were times when I thought that this was surely no way to bring up a baby Panda—in a New York apartment which was a confusion of ringing telephone and door bells and many people. I even thought many times that it would be wiser—much wiser—to take Su Lin back to her own mountains and stay with her there until she was big enough to take care of herself. Perhaps if I'd had enough money to do it, I would have, but it would have meant a long and expensive journey.

I am also afraid if I had done that, Su Lin would never have lived. A newspaper published a long story about my Baby Panda, saying maybe I would take her back to her home. You should have seen the letters I got from people all over the country—from Maine to California—saying, "Please, please, don't do it." They said that Su Lin was now used to people, and if she were turned loose in her native bamboo jungle, she would probably be shot by hunters because she wouldn't be afraid of them. I began to feel that they were right.

On New Year's Eve Su Lin and I went to a party given for her by two of her staunch friends, Mr. and Mrs. Hans Christian Adamson of the American Museum of Natural History. Mr. Adamson had been telephoning daily, "Has Su Lin still got the coldest nose in New York?" I don't know whether a cold nose in a puppy or a Panda means good health or not, but I did know that Su Lin was developing into a husky baby.

Dr. Barnum Brown, also of the American Museum of Natural History, was there. He looked thoughtfully at Su Lin asleep in her basket in Mrs. Adamson's bedroom, and remarked, "Your

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

Baby, Mrs. Harkness, even if she is only a little over two months old, is nevertheless a million-year-old baby. Those animals, you know, got lost up in the mountains of the Tibetan border in the Pleistocene Age, and they have never changed since then as most other animals have. She is a living prehistoric remnant of a by-gone age."

And Dr. Brown knows because he has dug up the fossilized remains of Su Lin's earliest ancestors.

The next day—New Year's Day—I wanted to go out to Long Island to have dinner with my family. There was no one to leave the Baby with, for Frances, our maid, was naturally with her own family. So I finally decided to bundle Su Lin into a taxi and take her, too. The driver who helped me with Su Lin's basket did not know what it contained and started to stand it up on one end.

"Oh, no, no," I exclaimed. "That basket has the most precious little animal in the world in it."

He was curious, so I opened the lid for him to see.

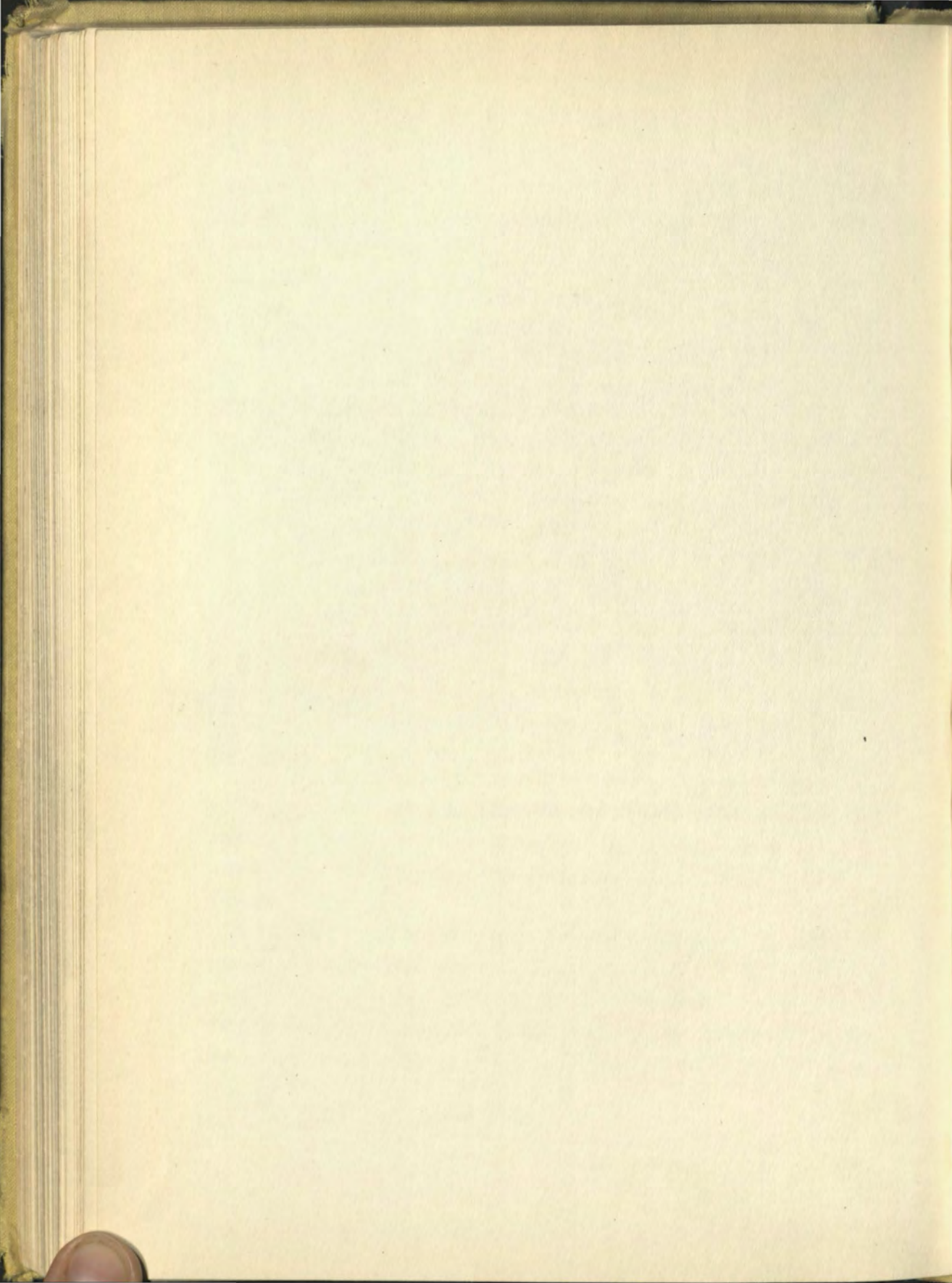
"What kind of a dog is it?" he inquired.

All the way out to Long Island he asked the same questions that literally hundreds of people had been asking me since I got back to Shanghai in November. Finally in desperation I said, "I'm sorry, but I have a very bad bronchial throat, and I can't talk any more. If you look up the newspapers, you'll learn something about Pandas."

Two days later Su Lin and I were invited to Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt's house for luncheon. The Baby didn't go for luncheon as she had already had hers, but she did drop in for a demi-tasse. Mrs. Roosevelt's young son, home from college, went back with me to my apartment to get Su Lin. In front of my house the same



SU LIN GREETSS HER FRIEND, MR. ROBERT BEAN (*Foujita*)



SU LIN'S FIRST BROADCAST

taxi driver came rushing up to us and said, "Say, lady—I want to apologize for asking all them dumb questions. I read the papers and I know all about Pandas now. And say—if you ever need a taxi to take her any place again, I'll be right here."

Su Lin made her first public appearance in New York shortly after the first of the year. It was at a radio broadcast on Floyd Gibbons' hour. I know that Mr. Gibbons would have liked to interview Su Lin, but she wasn't in a talkative mood, so I had to answer questions for her. I'm not joking when I say that Su Lin could really be talkative when she wanted to. Often when we were alone we carried on long conversations in Panda language. It would be difficult to explain just how that was done but I'd pick Su Lin up and she'd go "u-u-um-m-m-m-r-r-r," way, way down in her throat. And I'd answer in the same way. Then she would bury her nose in my hair, nip my ears and say the same thing all over again in a different tone. It was a little like the Chinese language, because their words mean entirely different things when you say them in different tones.

A month went by and Su Lin was still living with me. We were not much nearer to finding a permanent home for her than when we arrived in New York. It was marvelous to have her with me; I wanted to keep her as long as I could, but I was getting worried about just where she was eventually going to live.

8. *The Explorers' Club* *entertains a Baby Panda*

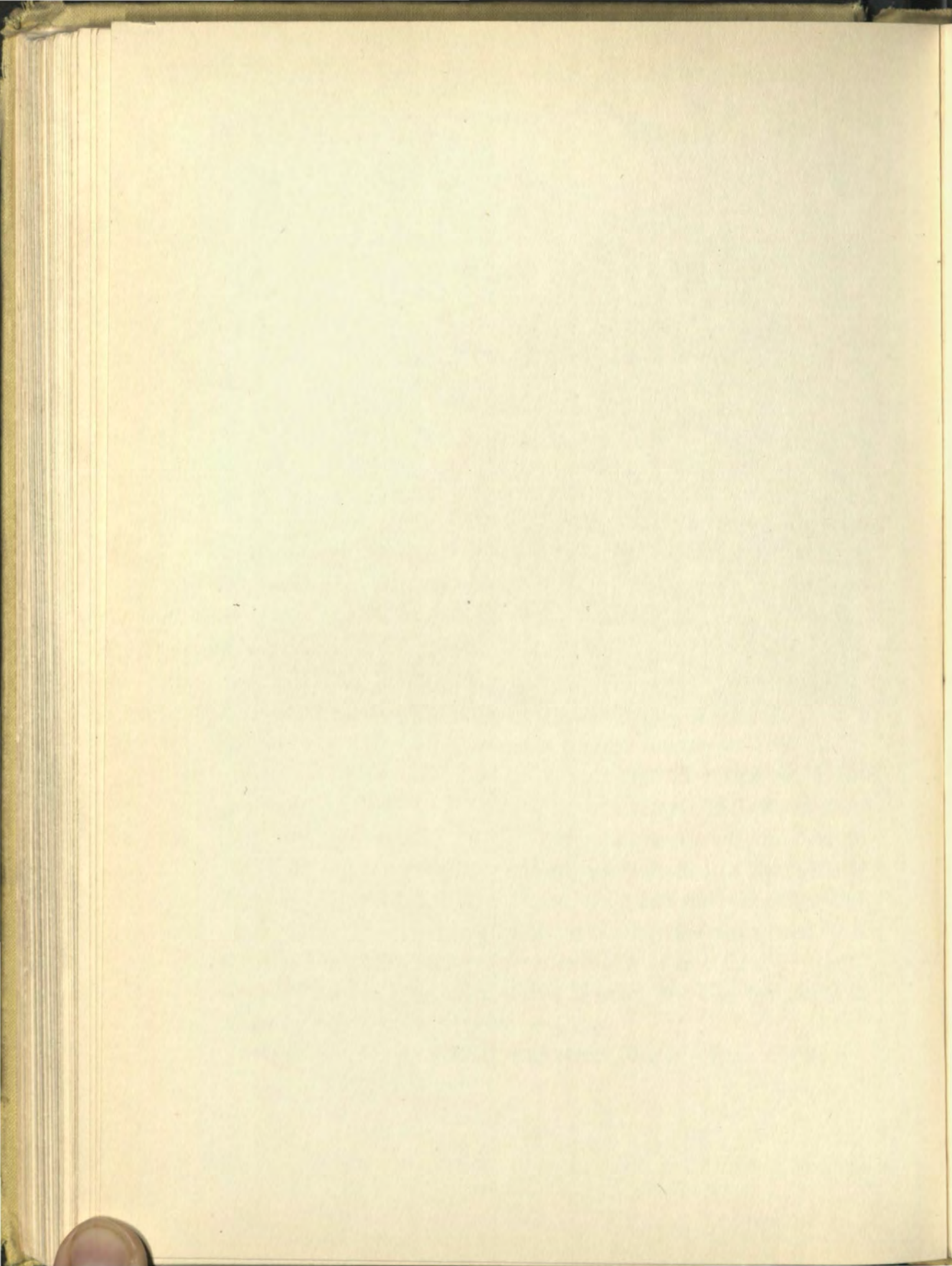
IN that month Su Lin grew very rapidly. I had increased, several times, the amount of milk which I gave her at one feeding; she was getting to be a big baby, and a rather difficult one to handle. The stronger her little legs and paws grew, the longer and redder were the scratches she could give me. As I have explained before, it wasn't that she scratched to be mean or cruel. Like a human baby she got her exercise by thrashing her arms and legs about—only a human baby fortunately doesn't have claws.

She outgrew the basket. She wasn't sleeping as much as when she was very tiny and there wasn't room enough in it for her to move around. So I bought her a play pen—the kind in which you've seen small children many, many times. She examined it very carefully, smelling it all over, and finally decided that it would do. But the shaggy gray blanket which she had used so long I thought ought to go to the cleaner's. Su Lin thought otherwise. I offered her every other blanket in the house—pink ones, blue ones; but no, she wanted her own woolly gray one. So a very good friend of Su Lin's gave her a new blanket just like the old one. That was one of her first gifts.

Besides all of my friends and other people who came to see



SHIP AHOY! (*Chicago Tribune*)



THE EXPLORERS' CLUB ENTERTAINS A BABY PANDA

Su Lin, my own doctor in New York came to call on her. Dr. Van Orden, a baby specialist, came to see her, too! He brought her her first toy, a funny little dog, and said, "Is she getting enough Vitamin C?"

After that Su Lin had orange juice and prune juice from a spoon. I think that most babies like orange juice and so did Su Lin. She smacked her lips over it with evident enjoyment.

One of the people in New York who came often to call on my Baby Panda was Mr. Dean Sage, Jr. Mr. Sage was one of the three non-Chinese people besides the Roosevelts who had organized an expedition which had succeeded in shooting a Panda. He fell in love with Su Lin as so many other people did. One evening just after she had finished her bottle, he picked her up, held her in his arms, much, I'm sure, as he would hold one of his own children, and said, "I'd *never* be able to shoot another Panda."

Every American who has ever shot a Panda came to see the live baby one—Colonel Roosevelt, Mr. Sage and Mr. Brooke Dolan, who has been far into the mountains of Su Lin's country on hunting trips for the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences. The only other Occidental who has shot a Panda is Captain Brocklehurst, the Englishman who is ex-game warden of the Sudan. So far Su Lin has not met him. Among the Orientals there is Jack Young, the Chinese explorer who shot a Panda. Su Lin never actually met Jack but she was named for his wife, and of course she knew his brother Quentin very well, so it might fairly be said that she has met all but one of the men who have gone into the remote high mountains to find out something about her people—how they live, and who their neighbors and enemies are.

Su Lin told me for herself who one of her age-old enemies might

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

be. It happened when I decided to take her away for a quiet weekend to a country farmhouse. We went by motor, which Su Lin enjoyed. She loved the motion and went sound asleep; she was still sleeping when we carried her basket into the farmhouse late in the afternoon.

The first indication I had that anything was wrong was when Su Lin gave her snort of terror. There was nothing in sight—no strange people to alarm her. But the human sense of smell is a poor, dull thing in comparison with that of a wild animal. Before we got to our room, she had cried out three times.

I was frantic; we had come to the country to be quiet and now something had so frightened Su Lin that her whole body quivered. I was still puzzled and worried when a friendly puppy came bouncing down the hall, sniffed at Su Lin's basket and bristled.

Dogs—why hadn't I thought of it? Of course I had known that Pandas are hunted with dogs, but I had forgotten it. Perhaps there were wild ones in that country, and wolves too; I didn't know. But Su Lin's fear was an obvious thing.

That night I did everything I could think of to quiet her. She refused food, and whenever a dog in the country-side barked, she moaned. I slept very little and when I did I had hideous nightmares of dogs attacking Su Lin. She didn't sleep either. I took her into bed with me, and pulled the covers up over both of us, but still she trembled in fright.

Morning found us both exhausted with nothing to do but pack up and go back to New York. The noises of a great city can be nerve-racking, but at least in my apartment there were no barking dogs to terrify a baby Panda.

It was right after this that an honor was accorded Su Lin which

THE EXPLORERS' CLUB ENTERTAINS A BABY PANDA

had never been given to a Panda or any other animal in the world before. She was invited to be a guest of honor at the thirty-third annual banquet of the Explorers' Club of New York. It was rather a problem because they couldn't very well ask Su Lin without inviting me, and no woman had ever before attended one of their banquets. But the members, who among them have covered nearly every part of the globe, were most generous. They broke their tradition of including only men and invited two feminine guests.

The banquet was held at the Hotel Plaza in the big ballroom. Su Lin had a suite all to herself on the seventh floor because naturally she couldn't stay all evening in a warm room with five hundred men, a great many of whom were smoking. We took Frances to stay in Su Lin's room with her. They settled themselves comfortably—at least the Baby did—until it was time for her to make an appearance. I doubt if Frances had a very comfortable time, for it was cold with all the windows open, and she shivered through the evening wrapped in a fur coat.

I didn't exactly shiver during dinner, but I was a little confused. I had never dined with five hundred men before. They were all charming, and they all wanted to see the Baby. So, dinner over, Lowell Thomas made announcements over the radio; I went up to Su Lin's suite, wrapped her in a bath towel and carried her down to the speaker's platform.

Whether Su Lin was impressed with the reception the explorers gave her I don't know, but I do know that she was hungry. It was a bit past feeding time but Frances had let her sleep, as I always did. Being rudely wakened, Su Lin saw no reason why she shouldn't have food immediately and kept demanding it all the way down the long hotel corridor, in the wings off the ballroom

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

where we had to wait a few minutes, and on the speaker's platform.

Dr. Granger, President of the Explorers' Club, interviewed Su Lin before the microphone. He asked her what her name was. Her answer was, "I'm hungry." There were probably many thousands of people all over America who heard Su Lin's reply, but I doubt if one of them really understood what she said.

I'm certainly glad that the explorers didn't understand, but of course I couldn't quite explain to her that it is not polite to say "I'm hungry" after a banquet at which you are an honored guest. However, Su Lin made amends later by sending them an autographed photograph.

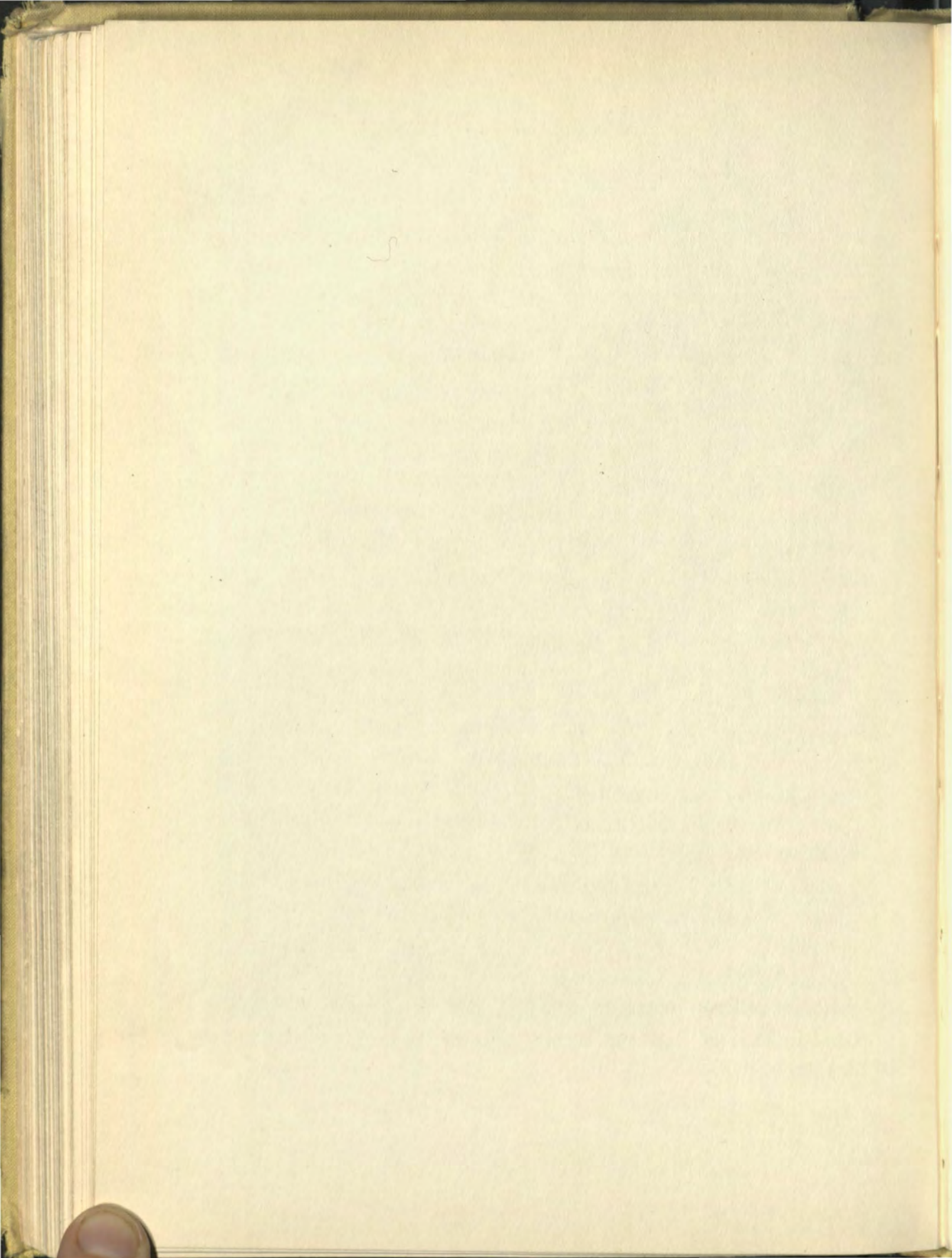
After that more people wrote and others telephoned asking if they might come to see Su Lin. Mr. Charles Street declared that he would die feeling that life was incomplete unless he could see THE Baby Panda. So Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt brought him one afternoon; she also brought her very charming mother and Mr. Alexander Woollcott. Mr. Woollcott to this very day is one of Su Lin's best friends, and every now and then he talks about her over the radio.

Among the callers was one who comes from Su Lin's own country—the lovely daughter of the Chinese Ambassador to America, Miss Mai Mai Sze. She came with Mr. Bryant Haliday who was as usual armed with his camera. He had taken many pictures of Su Lin—in fact, many that you see here were taken by him.

I have told you before that Su Lin was very definite in her likes and dislikes of people. She evidently approved of Miss Mai Mai Sze because she went straight toward her, and Miss Sze picked



OVER THE TOP (*Foujita*)



her up. Then Su Lin sniffed uncertainly and nosed the little leopard waistcoat she was wearing. This may seem unlikely to some people, but I really believe Su Lin caught the scent of an animal which in her natural haunts would be one of her worst enemies, and was frightened, for when Miss Sze discarded the leopard jacket, Su Lin settled contentedly in her arms.

Another friend of Su Lin's who saw a great deal of her while she lived with me was Mr. Charles Knight, the famous painter of animals, whose murals you can see in the American Museum of Natural History. He spent many patient hours watching her—awake and asleep—sketching her in different positions, noting accurately the shape of her head, her eyes, every tiny detail. Su Lin looked then like an adorable fluffy teddy bear, but Mr. Knight remarked over and over again that she was not like any other animal in the world—and surely he must know because he has studied and painted most of the animals we know anything about. He pointed out the way in which her paws differed from a bear's—her eyes, the shape of her head, her nose, coloring—everything about her so peculiarly her own. Su Lin and I spent many hours with that charming painter of animals.

Watching her one morning trying desperately to climb up the blanket that was thrown over one end of her play pen, Mr. Knight remarked, "Poor Baby, she'd love to have a tree to climb."

That, of course, meant just one thing to me. The longer I kept Su Lin the harder it would be to part with her. In all fairness to Su Lin, however, I must not keep her very much longer. I simply couldn't give her what she ought to have. Besides walking pretty well by that time, romping up and down my bed and doing innumerable quaint things, she knew my voice, looked up when I

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

spoke and came toward me when I called. Two or three times a day I took her out of the pen and let her romp on my bed because it was soft; she could get her claws into the covers and make much better progress than she could in the pen. People asked me sometimes why I didn't clip her claws to keep her from scratching me so much, but I would not do it because she needed their help in learning to walk. I felt sorry, though, that the only place she could play was on my bed. The slippery floors were no good at all.

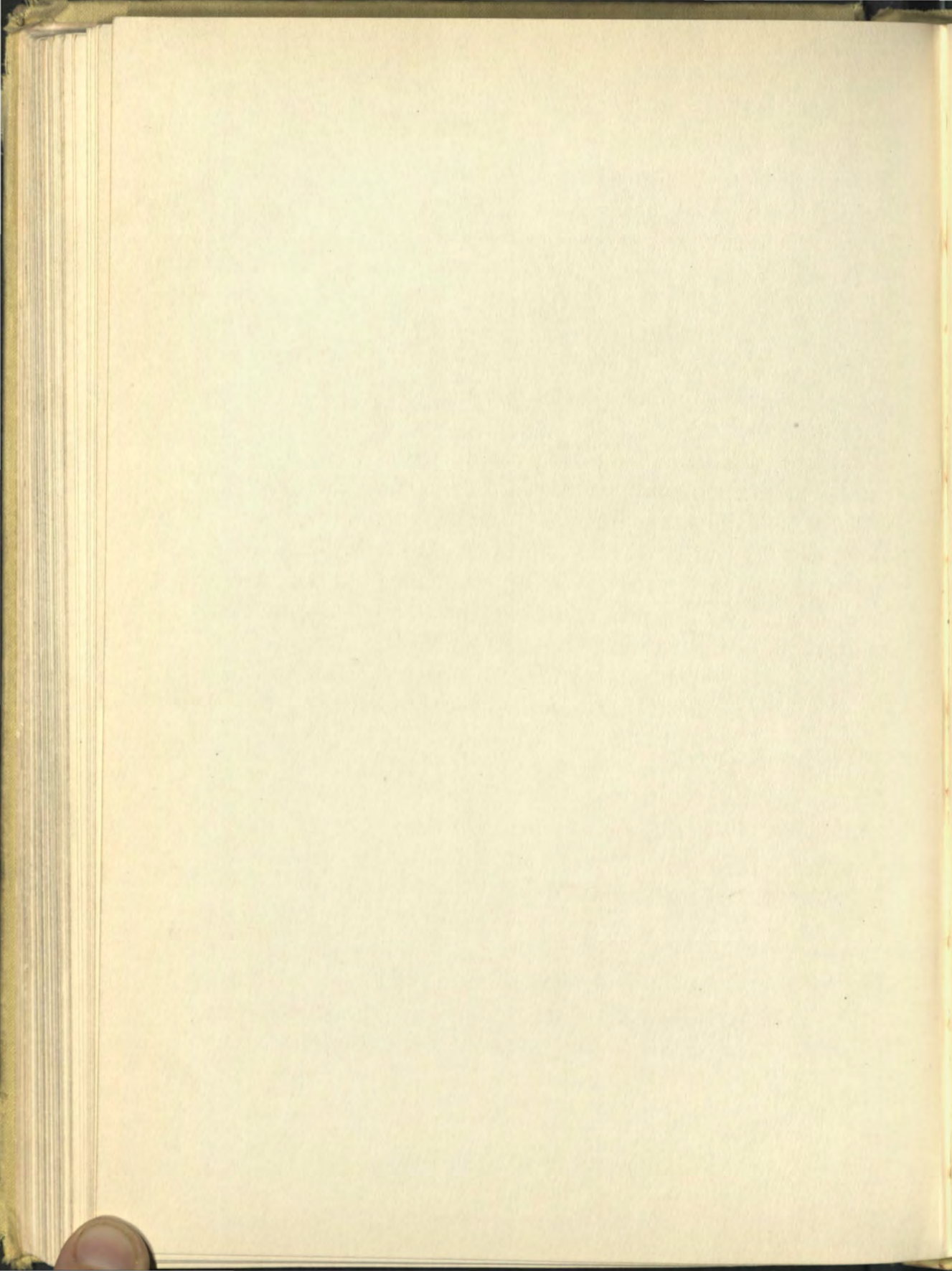
Mr. Knight's remark made me stop and think. No arrangements had been completed with any zoo to give Su Lin a permanent home, but I decided to ask the Chicago Zoo if they would like to have her as a guest. From the first they had been more than interested in the only Panda that had ever come down to civilization. Now Mr. Bradley wired back an enthusiastic reply. They would love to have Su Lin as a guest.

The few days before we left were busy ones. Many more people came to see her—from Chicago, from Buffalo, from Washington, from every state in the Union—and their nationalities were everything from Norwegian to Japanese. I have often wondered what life would have been like if there had been Panda quintuplets. I am sure I would have had to call on Dr. Dafoe and his staff of nurses. Or perhaps it would have been better simply to have joined forces at his hospital in Callander. What a picture that would have been—five adorable little girls, and five of the rarest, most adorable baby animals in the world.

Our train, the crack Commodore Vanderbilt, left at four-twenty in the afternoon. Friends who had come to say good-by packed up her play pen, her blankets, the bundle of bamboo and Su Lin's own suitcase full of bottles, milk, cod-liver oil, towels and everything



GOOD TO EAT? (*Foujita*)



THE EXPLORERS' CLUB ENTERTAINS A BABY PANDA

a baby needs. They had even brought Su Lin flowers. She had received various presents, but never corsages of roses and violets. She sniffed appreciative thanks and promptly went to sleep.

Traveling once more in an air-conditioned compartment with all of the heat turned off, Su Lin was happy. She had her dinner at seven o'clock and I had mine after she finished. It was perhaps the last journey that Su Lin and I would make together, and we made the most of it. Thirteen thousand miles, and this was the last thousand.

Our train arrived in Chicago early the next morning. There was no time for either of us to have breakfast. Su Lin had slept soundly most of the night, but by early morning she was restless in her basket-bed. I lifted her out, and while I dressed, she explored my berth. She climbed over the Pullman seats, and tore at the sheet which covered the windows, finally pulling it down. Su Lin and I have had many strange adventures, but nothing has ever appeared more fantastic to me than a baby Panda looking out of a speeding train window at the whirling Illinois landscape.

9. *A Home for a Panda*

THE zoo director, Mr. Edward Bean, and his son Robert, as well as Mr. Bradley, met us at the station. It had been almost two months since they had seen Su Lin, and they could hardly believe she was the same Baby—she had grown so much. We bundled her basket into a waiting car. The morning was cold and clear and we all enjoyed the sixteen-mile ride to Brookfield where the Chicago Zoological Society has its great new zoo.

A place had been prepared for Su Lin in the Australian House. (Not, of course, that she came from Australia.) A large tropical crane had been moved to other quarters to make room for her. Two large glass-fronted rooms had been thrown together, and special equipment had been purchased. There were a new baby's crib for Su Lin, piles of brand new pink and blue little blankets, and, best of all, a big Chinese grass rug.

The crib was too small, for they had no way of knowing how fast a baby Panda could grow, but the rug pleased Su Lin immensely. She could get all twenty of her sharp little claws in it and take a really satisfactory walk. She explored the two rooms, and I think would have liked to take a look at her neighbors, or rather a few of them. I am sure she would have been interested in the large collection of kangaroos, but when a dozen or more of the yellow dingo dogs—these are the wild dogs from Australia—be-



SPRING FEVER (*Foujita*)

gan to bark, Su Lin started for me as fast as her trembling little legs could carry her, and buried her head in my arms.

No explanation was necessary to Director Edward Bean who said, "This certainly is not the place for Su Lin."

So the Director and Robert Bean, who is Curator of Mammals, and Miss Mary Bean, who is the trained nurse in charge of the first-aid station, and I scurried around and packed up things again. I carried Su Lin over to the building that is the hospital and first-aid station.

This was better, for here she was given a large room all to herself with the windows wide open. Her play pen was set up in a corner and her gray woolly blankets put in it. After a bottle of milk she buried her head in the blankets and went to sleep with a sigh of relief—not a bark to disturb her. We all sighed with relief, too. Su Lin had expressed satisfaction with her new quarters.

A better home it couldn't have been. Her room was right next the one Miss Mary was in all day long, and she took on the job of caring for Su Lin. It was the best care in the world, too, because Miss Mary is a lover of all animals, and with her hospital training in the care of babies that made a perfect combination. Here Su Lin would have such attention and comforts as I could not possibly give her.

There was only one thing that bothered me. Su Lin had never spent a night alone in her short little life. From the day we found her until we reached Shanghai she had always been with Quentin or me; in Shanghai Fritz was with her a few nights when I was ill; and since then I had never spent a night away from her. I explained this, and Mr. Robert Bean said, "I'd be only too glad to have a cot put in here and stay nights."

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

He did that, and the first night he spent there he set an alarm clock to ring every two hours so that he might know that the most precious baby animal at the Brookfield Zoo wasn't hungry, or frightened, or just lonesome.

After spending most of the day seeing that Su Lin was well settled, I went back to my hotel in Chicago. It was with a strange feeling of loss and loneliness that I finally went to bed. An hour later a little rustling noise wakened me. "Su Lin needs something" was my first sleepy thought. I was out of bed groping for a dressing gown before I realized that she wasn't there. A window shade had rattled in the wind.

At that point tears came. I am not sure yet whether they were for the little bundle of black and white fur so many thousands of miles away from her own mountains, or for my own loneliness.

For a week I stayed in Chicago, spending most of my time at Brookfield. In that week I knew that there was nothing in the world that the Chicago Zoological Society wouldn't do for Su Lin. Dr. Barnett, the physician who is on call to look after any sick animal, came every day to see her. "Not that I'm a Panda specialist," he laughed, "but I'm pretty sure this Baby is a very healthy one." He did think, however, that Su Lin's present formula wasn't quite right, so he made out a new one and gave it to Miss Mary.

Mr. Edward Bean's office was just across the way, so he was in and out of Su Lin's room many times a day, as was his son Robert. Mr. Robert brought Su Lin one of the nicest presents she had ever had—a great hollow log which was put in her room for her to climb over, and into, if she wanted.

While I was at the Zoo I called on some of Su Lin's neighbors. The great white polar bears who sit up and ask you for biscuits



A TUMBLE (*Foujita*)

were among my favorites. They have their own island surrounded by a moat too wide for them to jump, but which gives them, I am sure, a sense of freedom because of the absence of bars; it also gives the visitors a feeling that the animals are in their natural surroundings and not in man-made cages. In the summertime many other animals are permitted to roam in "islands" like the one belonging to the polar bears.

I liked, too, the little tigers who allowed me to pet their paws; but it was Miss Congo who really became my friend. Miss Congo is a baby gorilla who lives in a bungalow with her sister Miss Suzette. They have the little house all to themselves, and Sam, the English keeper, lives with them, doing nothing but taking care of them. For if baby gorillas, and all the monkey family, do not have companionship they become ill and pine away.

Miss Congo was very friendly and very mischievous. She was much interested in the buttons on my dress and in my heavy silver bracelet which she frequently borrowed, but I think what she really wanted was my fur coat. She seemed to love it, and one day when no one was looking she made a hasty leap from the top of her own private electric refrigerator and was off upstairs with my coat which I had carelessly thrown over a chair. Then she slyly slipped down the stairs and, unobserved, opened the ice-box and helped herself to a banana.

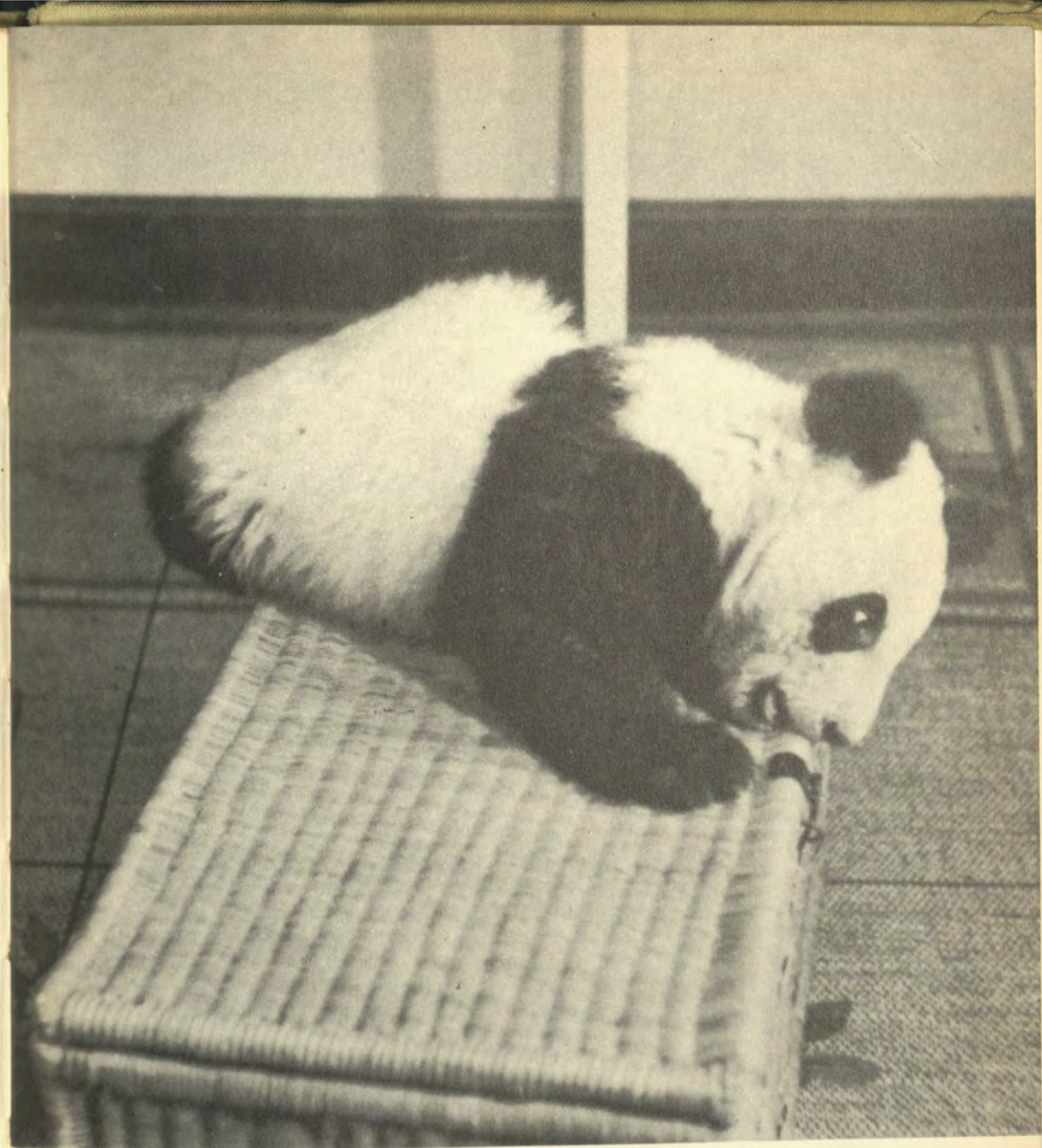
These little animals had been very thin and sick when they arrived at the zoo, but with the marvelous care they were receiving, they grew to be strong and healthy. Su Lin, too, I knew would get the same kind of care. Everybody agreed that, as yet, she was much too little to be put on exhibition; she would live in the room next to Miss Mary's and get every care that a small child would until

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

she was old enough to be put out-of-doors where people might come to see her. In spite of the fact that crowds of people came and some of them went away rather angry because they couldn't see her, Director Bean held to the rule; Su Lin was still too little.

Those kind people at the zoo promised, too, that if Su Lin needed bamboo when she grew up, they'd get it for her, even if they had to send all the way to China.

You can imagine how glad I was to have Su Lin in a place where everybody loved her and where she'd get every possible attention. There was only one thing that they couldn't do, and that was to give Su Lin another Panda to play with, to grow up with. So I went back on a plane to New York to write this little book and to worry about how I was going to get back to those high, wild and lonely mountains to find another Baby Giant Panda.



WHAT'S INSIDE? (*Chicago Tribune*)

10. *A Playmate for Su Lin?*

IT was February when I left Su Lin at Brookfield. Before leaving, I asked Miss Mary if she would write to me and tell me how the Baby was. Not only did Miss Mary write often, but so did Mr. Bradley, who is a member of the Board of Directors of the Zoo.

Soon after I was back in New York Mr. Bradley wrote: "I saw Su Lin on Saturday. She climbs up my legs and arms and chews me all over just like a puppy. Her little hind legs are growing very strong now, but you know that all baby animals take quite a time in developing their legs, just as human ones do."

I was glad to hear that, for a few people had thought that because Su Lin didn't walk very well she had a disease called rickets, which some children have. It means that the bones have not had the right kind of food on which to grow strong.

Two weeks after I had returned Miss Mary wrote: "Su Lin is doing just fine; she now weighs seventeen pounds and nine ounces. She eats celery and lettuce, but the spinach leaves she uses to play with. Her teeth are coming through rapidly."

Wasn't I pleased by that! That had been one of the difficulties in finding a home for Su Lin: most zoos, I think, were worried about the bamboo problem, and were afraid that without it she would be difficult to keep alive. Now here she was eating celery and lettuce, and, like most children, leaving out the spinach.

THE BABY GIANT PANDA

Ten days later the report was: "Su Lin is just grand. Her weight this morning was nineteen pounds and two ounces, and she plays now with so much more strength and happiness. The Baby made a tent out of the blanket where it is pinned up over the edge of the play pen and this is where she sleeps and takes her naps."

Miss Mary's father wrote: "I never saw Su Lin as playful and as well as she was yesterday [the letter was dated March 22—just a little over a month after I had left her]; she is getting so large that you will have a hard time making a baby of her now. However, she and Mary get along fine. They chase each other around the big log ten times and when Mary is exhausted Su Lin calls a truce. The weather has been nice so there have been crowds of people here. Everyone asks for Su Lin and, believe me, it is quite embarrassing to have to refuse to let people see her."

But that was the rule for the time. No visitors and no flashlight photography. Su Lin was still my baby and I wanted her to have time to rest and grow strong after all of her traveling and her many social activities. It was nice to know that Su Lin was in that quiet room next to Miss Mary's with no one to disturb her.

At another time Miss Mary, who I knew loved Su Lin as I did, said in her letter: "Su Lin is just as gentle as when you brought her here six weeks ago, and is not at all a wild animal in play. She weighs twenty-two pounds and thirteen ounces, and she is an armful to feed now."

The letters came thick and fast. I was busy, too, and it seemed to me that Miss Mary had barely written that Su Lin was twenty-two pounds when she wrote that the Baby was twenty-six pounds. I was becoming most anxious to see her.

Another Chicago friend of Su Lin's is Mr. Hayden Harris who

also is one of the directors of the zoo. One day when he was in New York he told me something that no one had ever remarked on before. He said Su Lin was highly intelligent and did things that even the zoo people had never seen any members of the clever monkey tribe do. There was a little shelf in her room which she wanted to investigate and which she couldn't reach. She apparently sat down and thought about it, for she finally climbed up on the shelf by pushing her wicker basket near it and first climbing on that. Then I was truly proud of the Baby Panda. I had always thought that she was very intelligent, but when people asked me why I thought so, there was no particular thing which I could mention.

Then one day in April came a letter from Mr. Bradley, saying that Su Lin was such an attraction at Brookfield that instead of having her merely as a guest, they would like to have her make a permanent home there. He asked if I could come to Chicago and make arrangements.

Indeed I could go to Chicago, and I went the fastest possible way—by airplane. It was evening when I arrived, and too late to go out to Brookfield to see Su Lin.

The next day I had luncheon with Mr. Bradley. Afterwards he and I with Su Lin's friend Mr. Alexander Woollcott, who was also in Chicago, drove out together. On the way to Brookfield we were wondering if Su Lin would remember me. I had thought a great deal about it and was going to try to be not too disappointed if she didn't, because after all she was pretty small when I had left her just about two months before.

Miss Mary was at the head of the stairs to greet me. "You're go-

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ing to have a great surprise, Mrs. Harkness," she said as she opened the door of Su Lin's room.

Everybody else stayed outside and let me go in first. And, truly, it was a surprise. Su Lin, twice as big as when I left her, was just waking from a nap. She was lying lazily on her back in the play pen, toying with a few leaves of spinach, occasionally taking a nibble at one of them.

"Su Lin!" I called.

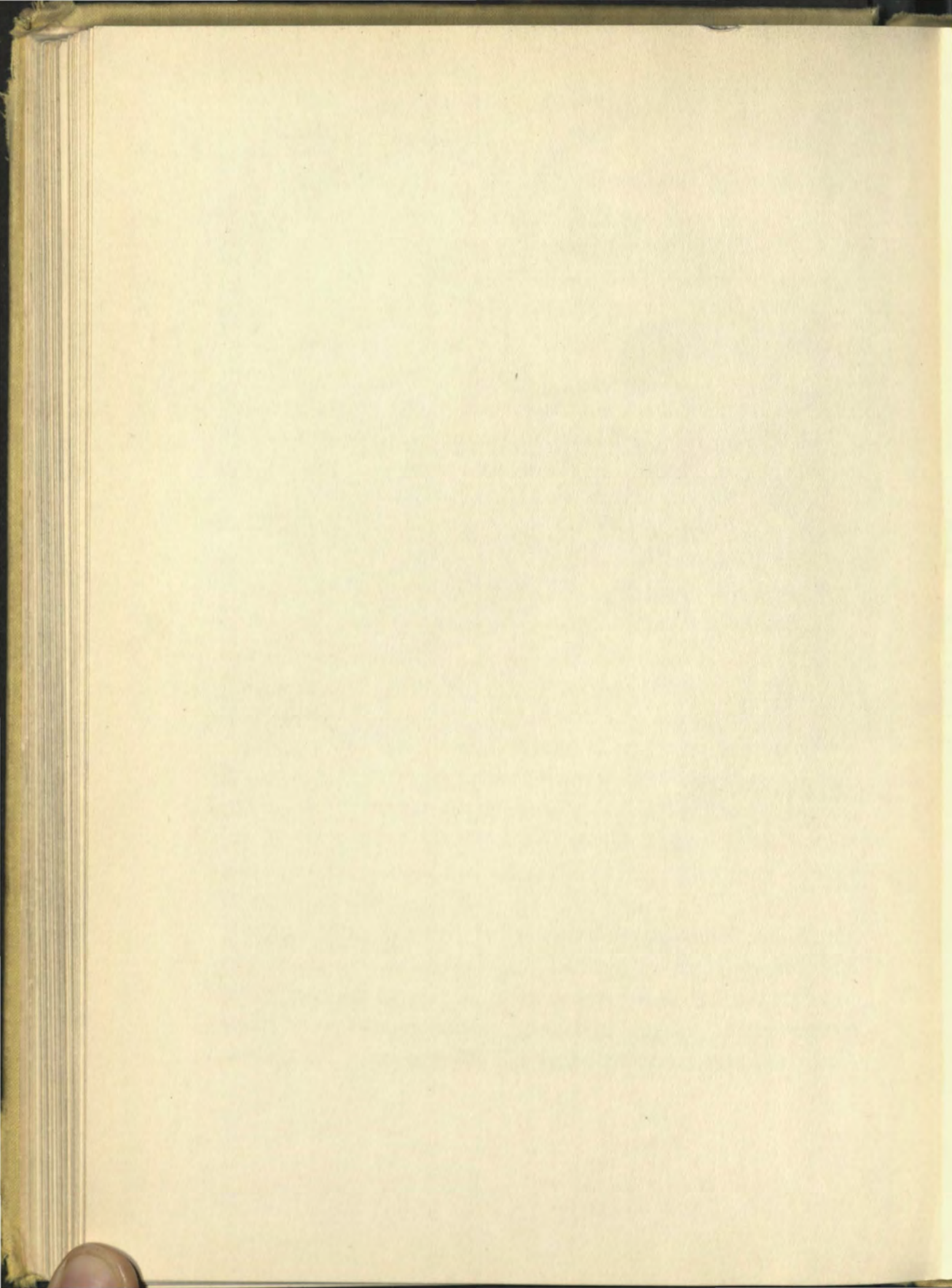
Slowly she got up and looked at me. I drew nearer and she started to climb over the edge of the pen; when I touched her she made a lunge for me and landed in my arms. What an armful! Over thirty pounds of healthy, vigorous, wriggling Panda, that nuzzled in my hair and got hold of my ear just as she had done when she was a tiny baby in our camp high in the mountains. Then everybody else came in the room and laughed and said, "Well, she certainly knew you, didn't she?"

She romped over to Mr. Woollcott and climbed up his legs. I was a little fearful for his trousers because Su Lin apparently didn't care a rap if she tore them to ribbons. There were newspapermen there to take pictures, and one of them put his camera on the floor for a moment. Su Lin pounced on it and gave it a vigorous bat with her paw. Then she went over to Mr. Robert to say hello to him, and made him wince when ten of her claws went through the trousers to his legs.

We took her out on the lawn where she promptly climbed the first tree she saw. Rescued from climbing too high, she raced off across the grass so fast that Miss Mary had to run to catch her. Finally when she was getting too tired to play any longer we took her back to her room, where she had a supper of cereal and milk



STRANGLE HOLD (*Chicago Tribune*)



out of a heavy bowl which Mr. Robert had had specially made for her. An ordinary bowl wouldn't do because one little biff from her paws, and over the whole thing would go.

The next morning in Mr. Bradley's office there were several of the zoo directors. Was I satisfied to let the Chicago Zoological Society's park at Brookfield be Su Lin's permanent home, they wanted to know? Of course I told them that I was more than happy to have her there. And then they said they would give me money to finance another expedition, because they knew that more than anything else in the world I wanted to go back to China to see if I couldn't find a mate for Su Lin.

So that is the story of how a Chinese baby came to live in Brookfield, Illinois.

After I had gone back to New York Miss Mary continued to write me reports of how much Su Lin weighed and of all the things that she did. We had all agreed in Chicago that she was now old enough to be put on exhibition so that all of the thousands of people who had asked about her might have the opportunity to see the only Baby Giant Panda in captivity in the world. So every afternoon for an hour or two if the weather was fine, she was put in a large outdoor enclosure, with a guard on duty all of the time to see that nothing harmed her. There are people who go to zoos who will throw the animals all sorts of injurious food, and we weren't taking any chances of that happening to Su Lin.

But you couldn't imagine what Su Lin herself did the first day she was put out-of-doors for an hour. When no one was watching she dug up two worms, and before anyone could stop her she ate them! Fortunately they did not make her sick.

Letters continued to come with news of her. She apparently en-

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joyed being out-of-doors and didn't seem to mind the crowds who came to look at her. She played so hard, amusing herself with her ball and romping over the pile of logs, that she was tired when the hour was up, and would go sound asleep in the tent which she made for herself out of the big gray blanket in her room.

When Su Lin is too big to stay in the room in the first aid station, and is old enough to live out-of-doors all of the time, the Bean family, who has been so good to her, will see that she has a park specially built for her, with trees and a running stream in it.

By that time I will be back in China, in far western China, in the mountains which are the border of Tibet. There Quentin and I will be in the lovely valleys with blue rushing streams, or on the steep slopes covered with thick bamboo jungle, hoping that perhaps we will have good luck a second time—that we'll find a mate for Su Lin.

POSTSCRIPT

As this book goes to press, word has reached American newspapers by cable from war-torn China that Mrs. Harkness has been successful in her quest for a playmate for Su Lin. The new Giant Panda is also a baby female.

The Publishers



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